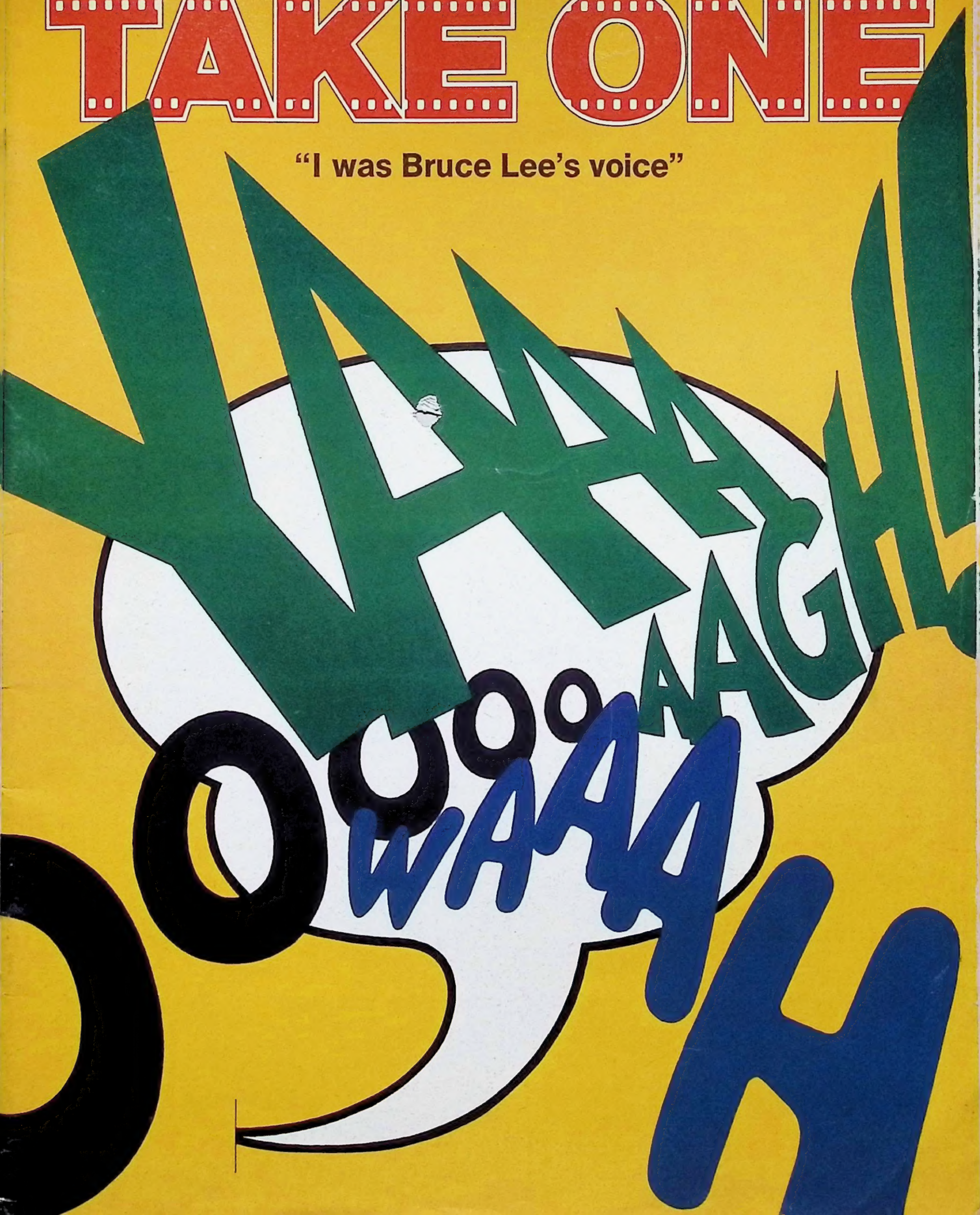
VOLUME 4, NUMBER 8
POSTAGE PAID AT
MONTREAL
20P. IN UK

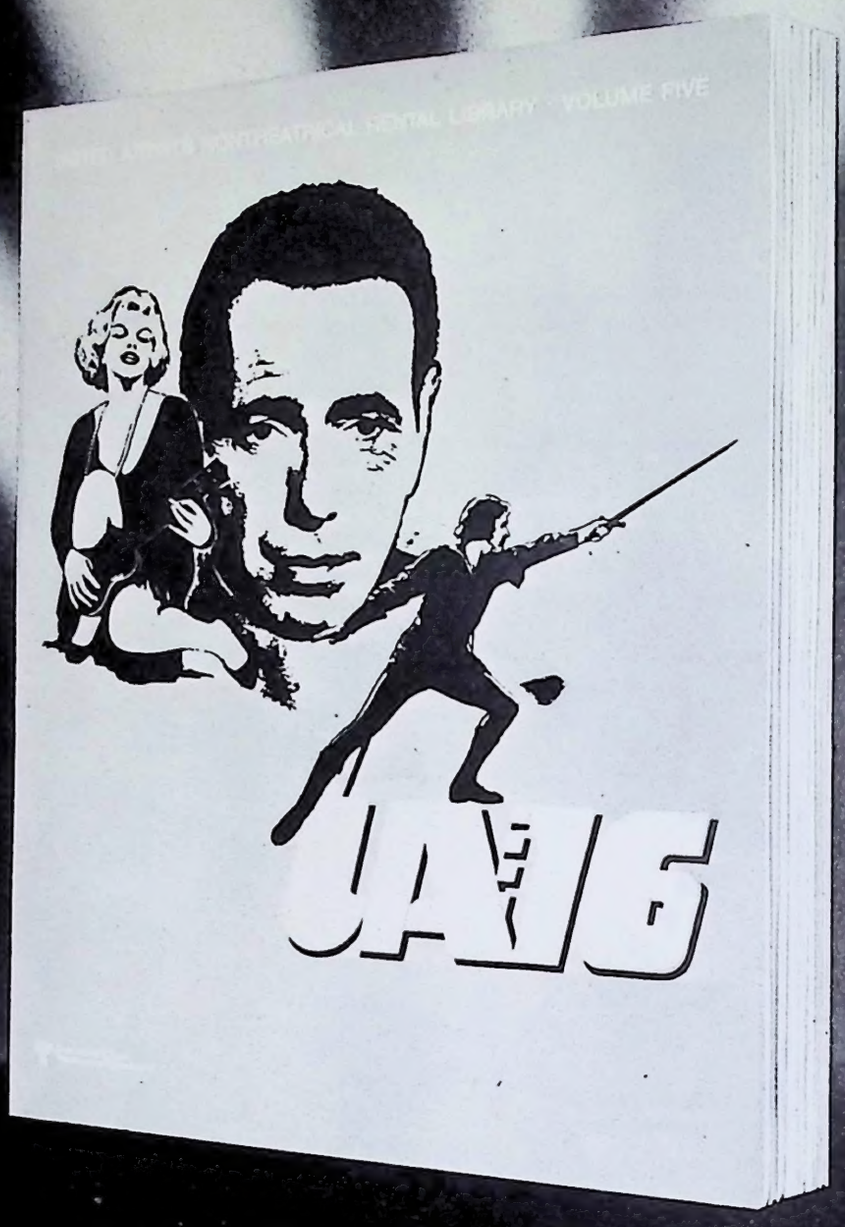
50¢

Also: On and Off
Poverty Row

TAKE ONE

"I was Bruce Lee's voice"





Movies for Rent.

Thunderbolt and Lightfoot, Little Caesar, Where's Poppa?, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Persona, Streetcar Named Desire, Casablanca, King of Hearts, Twelve Angry Men, Last Tango in Paris, Fellini's Roma, Good Bad and the Ugly, Sleeper, The Maltese Falcon, Gold Diggers of 1933, Thieves Like Us, Yankee Doodle Dandy, The Pink Panther, and more than a thousand other great movies.

GET YOUR BRAND NEW FREE CATALOG NOW!

UA16 *729 7th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019. (212) 575-4715*

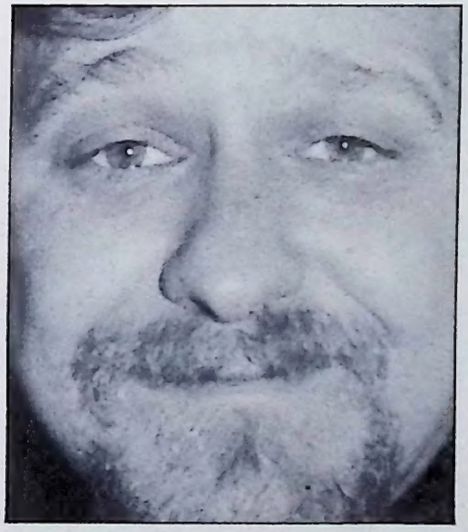
United Artists
Entertainment from Transamerica Corporation

TAKE ONE

On and Off Poverty Row: Scott Eyman interviews William Clothier 8

D.W. Griffith: A Filmography 16 and A Bibliography 18 by Alanna Nash

I Was Bruce Lee's Voice by Jack Moore 20



plus:
The Monstrous World of Ray Harryhausen
by Joel Uman
22

The Golden Voyage of Sinbad
by Frank Jackson 23
Sheila Levine is Dead and Living in New York
by Anne Beatts 24
Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore
by David Denby 25
Earthquake
by Michael Goodwin 27
A Woman Under the Influence
by Susan Schenker 27
The Middle of the World
by Diane Jacobs 28
Caged Heat
by Michael Goodwin 29

Outs
by Jay Cocks 31
Letter from New York
by Bob Cowan 31
Film as Business
by Michael F. Mayer 32
Coffee, Brandy & Cigars
by Herman G. Weinberg 33
Book News 35
Book Reviews
by Ray Spangenburg, Jaan Salk, David Curtis and David Fritz 35
Books on Film: A Checklist
by George L. George & Glen Hunter 37

The News Page 5
Conferences & Competitions 6
Feed-Back 7
Classifieds 7
Booker's Guide to 16mm Films 30

Cover Design:
Michael Fog
Special Thanks:
George Morris

EDITOR/PUBLISHER: Peter Lebensold. **EDITORIAL DIRECTOR:** Joe Medjuck. **ART DIRECTION:** Orange Fog. **ASSOCIATE EDITOR:** Michael Goodwin. **BOOK EDITOR:** Glen Hunter. **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** Kay Armatage, Ronald Blumer. **CORRESPONDENTS:** *Los Angeles,* John H. Dorr; *Montreal,* André Pâquet, René Rozon, Jean-Pierre Tadros; *New York,* Bob Cowan, James Monaco, Fred Tuten; *Paris,* Geoffrey Minish; *San Francisco,* Hal Aigner. **PROMOTION MANAGER:** Alan E. Bennett. **ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER:** Pamela Chichinskas.
TAKE ONE is published every eight weeks by Unicorn Publishing Corp., Box 1778, Station B, Montreal, Quebec H3B 3L3 (514-843-7733) and Box 95, Station E, Toronto, Ontario.
National retail distributors: *USA:* Eastern News Distributors Inc., 155 West 15th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011 (212-AL5-5620). *UK:* South Bank Film Books Ltd., National Film Theatre, South Bank, Waterloo, London SE1. *Canada and elsewhere:* Unicorn Publishing Corp., Box 1778, Station B, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3B 3L3.
Subscription rates: North America, 12 issues for $5.00; Overseas, 12 issues for $7.50. Airmail: Add 30 cents per issue (North America) and 50 cents per issue (Overseas). Subscriptions sent free to individuals at prison addresses. Notice of **change of address** should include your old address as printed on a recent issue; allow five weeks for processing.
Editorial information: All manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope (or International Reply Coupon). While the editors will take all reasonable care, they will not be held responsible for the loss of any such submissions. **Indexing:** This publication is indexed in the *Canadian Periodical Index,* the *International Index to Film Periodicals,* and the *Multi-Media Reviews Index.* **Microfilm** editions of this magazine are available from University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. Second class mail registration number **1899.** Printed at Montreal, Canada. Dewey Decimal number: **791.43.** International Standard Serial Number: **CN ISSN 0039-9132.**

Copyright © 1974 by Unicorn Publishing Corp. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photo-copying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the Publisher. Opinions expressed herein are those of the author and not necessarily those of the editors of *Take One.*

Published with the financial assistance of The Canada Council and the Ontario Arts Council. Member of the Canadian Periodical Publishers Association.

Postmasters: Send form 3579 to Take One Magazine, Box 1778, Station B, Montreal, Canada H3B 3L3.

Printed in Canada. Issue of Nov-Dec 1973. Published March 27, 1975.

EXCLUSIVELY from AVCO EMBASSY PICTURES

THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL FILM OF OUR TIME!

"'Last Tango In Paris' is a light-hearted romp compared to 'The Night Porter'."
—Newsweek Magazine

"Hypnotic intensity and fascinating to watch." —Playboy

"Romantic pornography... A hectic love affair... What a kinky turn-on!"
—Vincent Canby, New York Times

"A fascinating movie."
—Cue Magazine

THE NIGHT PORTER

JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents for ITAL NOLEGGIO CINEMATOGRAFICO
The ROBERT GORDON EDWARDS/ESA DE SIMONE production of A Film By LILIANA CAVANI
DIRK BOGARDE CHARLOTTE RAMPLING in "THE NIGHT PORTER" with PHILIPPE LEROY
and with GABRIELE FERZETTI in the role of Hans Screenplay by LILIANA CAVANI ITALO MOSCATI
Produced by ROBERT GORDON EDWARDS for Lotar Film s.r.l. Directed by LILIANA CAVANI

Technicolor® An Avco Embassy release

R RESTRICTED Under 17 requires accompanying Parent or Adult Guardian

AVAILABLE NOW...

Call or write AVCO EMBASSY PICTURES CORP., Non-Theatrical Sales, 1301 Avenue of Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 956-6163

AVCO EMBASSY PICTURES

The News Page

The truth 24 times per second.

Ringo Starr and Jon Gilbert have acquired film rights to Terry Southern's *Blue Movie* (about the American film industry). And — look out — Ringo's now enrolled as a full-time student with the Actor's Studio.

Beekman Winthrop reports in a recent issue of *(MORE)* that **All the President's Men**'s road from book to movie has been anything but smooth. Screenwriter William Goldman (who also wrote **Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid**) presented a first draft last August that, in the words of one person who read it, was "completely wrong. ... Everyone in the entire movie sounded like a New York Jew." Goldman's story was "how two reporters had a friendly adventure slaying the President of the United States." Characters were typed, there was only superficial treatment of the newspaper side of the story. Woodward and Bernstein — the two reporters in question — were upset enough about Goldman's version to rewrite the entire script themselves (along with Nora Ephron, a contributing editor of *Esquire),* which they presented to a surprised Robert Redford (producer and star) and an offended Goldman. With the hiring in January of Alan (**Klute**) Pakula as director, though, things seem to be picking up. Pakula has spent some time steeping himself in the atmosphere of the *Washington Post,* and will work with Goldman on the next draft of the screenplay.

Only one-fifth of the 61,000,000 West Germans go to the movies at all, and most of those see a film only once or twice a year.

Edith Head has been signed to do the costume designing for her 200th feature film — **The Man Who Would be King.**

John Wayne has been singled out by the American Humane Association as the star most deserving of recognition for his career-long insistence that animals (especially horses) be handled humanely in his pictures. There's always an AHA representative on the set of every Wayne film to make certain there is no intentional or inadvertent maltreatment. Says the AHA's Hollywood man, Harold Melniker: "Wayne's a great guy when it comes to animals, among other things."

Roger Corman returned triumphantly to the screen in **Godfather II** (having once played a sadistic German captain in **Ski Troop Attack**). His acting career continues, now, with a brief appearance as a newscaster in **Fighting Mad!,** which is to be filmed (under the direction of Jonathan Demme) in Montana this May.

Finally broadcast in early March (after having been postponed for almost a month), the tv programme *(Au pied du mur)* by Brigitte Bardot and Jean Nainchrik on conditions in France's 130 zoos has created a storm of protest in that country — not only against the zoos, but also against the filmmakers, who (various zoo administrators now claim) first pretended they were making a film for children, then maltreated the animals in a variety of ways (shining floodlights at them, delaying their normal feeding times, tantalizing them with candies) in order to make their plights all the more pitiable.

Phil Magwood, retail advertising manager of the *Los Angeles Times,* has suggested (to a meeting of western theatre-owners) that there ought to be a credit card good for every theatre in the country. It would make it possible for people to see films "even the day before payday", would stimulate that "night-out" philosophy, and the monthly bill-mailing could include promotion for up-coming films as well.

May 18 is the copy deadline for *Montage*'s special anthology on women directors. There'll be articles, plus an International Directory of professional women directors around the world. Write: Gioacchino Balducci, Editor-in-Chief, *Montage,* 103 East Liberty St., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48108.

Variety reports that a priest in West Germany recently refused to perform the funeral ceremony for a deceased 63-year-old cinema operator because his cinema had shown pornographic films. The widow found a nearby monk to read the last rites.

While the Irony's Hot Dept.: (1) The head of the Los Angeles Department of Building and Safety has warned that half of the movie houses in that city have to be demolished — because they are not earthquake-proof. ... (2) André Gagnon, who plays the cameraman in Denys Arcand's controversial new film, **Gina** (see a forthcoming article), was recently Director of Photography on **De Schéhérazade à Selima,** filming in North Africa for Ontario's Educational Communications Authority. After completing the programme, the Quebec crew was fired by the series's English producers for the alleged poor quality of their footage. Now, the film is the official OECA entry for the Japan Television Prize — due to "the overall excellence of the production."

During the half-time period of a recent Arkansas-T.C.U. basketball game, some 6500 University of Arkansas students roared and cheered for half-an-hour — to provide United Artists recording technicians with background crowd reactions for Norman Jewison's forthcoming **Rollerball.**

Now that there's a "Leslie Nielson Avenue" in Regina, Saskatchewan, city fathers have decided to honour another native son. But John Vernon was reported to have been something less than flattered when it turned out that the city is insisting on naming the street after his real monniker. "Agopsowicz Avenue"?

Total world audience, during 1974, for the National Film Board's films is estimated to have been something like 749 million.

The Johannesburg Regional Court has been told that the film **The Exorcist** was not submitted to South African censors because they "would have died on the spot".

Although NBC's telecast of **The Godfather** drew one of the biggest tv audiences in history, a Rochester N.Y. survey found that, even with a broad hint, less than one out of 12 people who saw the show could remember even one commercial aired. Advertisers had paid $225,000 a minute.

The University Film Association has announced a new service for scholars working in film. *Film Research in Progress* is a quarterly research and publication service that will announce unpublished materials in the field (seminar papers, etc.), will serve as a register of topics and titles of dissertations and theses, and will include a section for notes and queries from scholars soliciting information. More info from: Calvin Pryluck, Associate Professor, Dept. of Radio, Television, Motion Pictures, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

Movie business may have been better than ever in 1974, but a huge chunk of that business went to only two films — **The Sting,** which grossed $68 million at North American box-offices, and **The Exorcist,** which pulled in $66 million. (In distant third place was **Papillon,** with a paltry $20 million in total b.o.) On the strength of those 1974 figures alone, the two leaders took over fourth and fifth place, respectively, in the list of all time ticket-selling champs — right after **The Godfather** (numero uno at $86 million), **The Sound of Music** ($84 million) and **Gone With the Wind** ($70 million). **Love Story** and **The Graduate** were demoted to sixth and seventh place, with about $50 million in ticket sales apiece.

If Charlton Heston is looking younger these days, credit the something like **350 vitamin pills** he takes daily.

CONFERENCES AND COMPETITIONS

The U.S. Information Agency has announced a nationwide **bicentennial student filmmaking competition**, with individual grants up to $3000 for the production of sound films (or videotapes) for distribution outside the States. A 500-word script, budget, and discussion of the projected film's relevance to one or more of the three bicentennial themes (Heritage '76, Festival U.S.A., and Horizons '76) should go to: Philip Bonnell, USIA, Room 2406, Patrick Henry Bldg., 6th and D Streets, Washington, D.C. 20547.

CBC-TV's drama department is holding a contest (open to Canadians and landed immigrants in full-time attendance at a Canadian university or college) for **one-hour dramatic scripts** (deadline is June 30). The first prize is $1000 (and there are other prizes too), considered as a twelve-month option to purchase the winning scripts (which would then be paid for at normal ACTRA rates). For further information: College Writing Contest, CBC-TV Drama Department, Box 500, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1E6.

Films Inc. will be awarding twenty cash prizes (including four first prizes of $250 each) as part of a **promotion contest** to develop professional approaches and skills in campus film exhibition. Details from: Seth Willenson, Films Inc., 440 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016.

April 3 is the deadline for the receipt of entry forms and films for the 6th annual **Athens International Film Festival** (April 16 through 19). Independent and student films from all over the world will be shown; there will be workshops and guest speakers, too. Entry fee is $6, but there are some $1500 in prizes. Write: Athens International Film Festival, P.O. Box 388, Athens, Ohio 45701 (614-574-7041).

Thanks to Famous Players, there are some $5000 in prizes to be won at the seventh **Canadian Student Film Festival**, being held in Montreal September 24 through 28. Any 16mm or 35mm amateur film made by a student attending a Canadian educational institution may be entered, so long as it was not made prior to August 1973. There is a registration fee of $5 per film, and there may only be one entry per student. Deadline is August 26th. For more information and entry forms: The Conservatory of Cinematographic Art, Sir George Williams University, 1455 de Maisonneuve Blvd. West, Montreal H3G 1M8; or from any Famous Players theatre.

Members of the professional film and tv production industry will want to enter their films, commercials and film-strips in the 18th annual **International Film & TV Festival of New York** (November 5 through 7). Further details from: The International F.T.F. Corporation, 251 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 (212-246-5133).

Calgary hosts this year's (the fifth) **Canadian Educational Communications Conference of the Association for Media and Technology in Education**, June 15 through 18. In conjunction with AMTEC '75, there is also to be an educational media (inc. film) competition, for which deadline is May 15. For information on the conference and/or the contest, contact: ACCESS Television South, Calgary Health Sciences Centre, 1611 - 29 Street N.W., Calgary, Alberta T2N 4J8.

Temple University is holding a **graduate seminar in Canadian film** in Montreal June 30 through August 1, which — under the leadership of Dr. Raymond Fielding — will examine recent activity in Canadian film production, scholarship and criticism, as well as the history of the Canadian film, and will feature Canadian filmmakers and government officials in a series of lectures and conversations. There will be field trips and (of course) screenings. Cost for the five-week, six-credit seminar: $475 (not including transportation, food or lodging). Details: Louis Giuliana, School of Communications and Theater, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa. 19122 (215-787-8347).

The Douglass College Film Festival will award $1500 in prize money to independent filmmakers (April 11 through 13), as determined by judges Standish Lawder, Carolee Schneemann, and Robert C. Breer. Entry blanks from the Festival, c/o Arlene MacLowick, Fine Arts Dept., Walters Hall, Douglass College, New Brunswick, N.J. 08903.

Quebec's Université Laval is giving an intensive 45-hour (3-credit) course this summer (July 28 through August 14) in **African Cinema**. Films will be screened and — under the direction of Harold D. Weaver, Jr. (former Chairman, Department of African Studies, Rutgers University) — there will be discussion and readings (mainly in French) around the political, social, cultural and economic life in Africa as perceived and presented by that continent's major filmmakers. Tuition is $60 and admission deadline is June 2. Application forms: Extension de l'enseignement, Pavillon de la bibliothèque, Université Laval, Quebec G1K 7P4, Canada.

Films (8mm or super-8) must be submitted by June 10 for the **Annual Summer Festival of the Arts**, to be held at Shasta College in Redding, California. There is an entry fee of $5 and a grand prize of $100. Rules and entry forms can be obtained from the Festival at 1065 North Old Oregon Trail, Redding, Calif. 96001 (916-241-3523).

The Board of the **Yorkton International Film Festival** has announced that the dates of their 13th annual festival are to be October 22 through 25, this year highlighted by a conference on the plight of the Canadian filmmaker. The competition itself is open to both professionals and amateurs working in either 16mm or 8mm, up to 60 minutes in length. There are 17 awards up for grabs. Write: Brian McMillan, Box 477, Yorkton, Saskatchewan, Canada S3N 2W4 (306-783-6566).

The screening of winning films in the 3rd annual **Washington State Student Film Contest** is scheduled for May 3, with deadline for entries (in 8mm, super-8 or 16mm) April 1. There are cash prizes and the contest is open to students at Washington schools and colleges. Write: Dr. William D. Schmidt, Audiovisual Division, Bouillon Library, Central Washington State College, Ellensburg, Wash. 98926.

The 8th annual **Atlanta International Film Festival** is scheduled for August 15 through 24, with the deadline for entries (professional, amateur or student; super-8, 16mm or 35mm) being June 1. There are a wide variety of contest categories and prizes, with entry fees starting at $25. Contact: Director, The Atlanta International Film Festival, Drawer 13258, Atlanta, Georgia 30324.

TAKE ONE

Subscription Dept., Box 1778, Station B, Montreal H3B 3L3

Please send me 12 issues of Take One for $5.00 ☐ (Overseas $7.50 ☐)
Cheque enclosed ☐ Bill later ☐

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Code/Zip

FEEDBACK

We welcome communications from our readers, but can seldom accommodate letters over 500 words long. The editors assume that any letter received (unless otherwise stated) is free for publication.

A plea

Doesn't anyone out there like to read movie credits? When I go to a movie, I enjoy watching the credits at the end but this isn't easy when most of the people in the theatre are standing in front of me. By the time the credits end, I often find myself the only one left in the theatre.

Let's face it. The people who worked on the movie want someone to see their names..

Dave Barber
Winnipeg, Man.

Kael:1, Cocks:0

Who in the hell is Jay Cocks? Why he's *Time*'s resident pet snail who manufactures plot synopses sprinkled with pedantry in praise of John Simon and tacked-on value judgments à la Rex Reed. No thought or feeling — he writes in a disgustingly slick vacuum. He has the cocky gall to reprimand Pauline Kael for her defense of *Irvin* Kershner (who is this fellow Irwin?) when he is so eager to kiss John Cassavetes's commercially undernourished ass at every turn. Such hypocrisy!

His position is uncomfortably close to Joyce Haber's: when all else fails, attack Kael on taste. Kael's taste, although the most honest and unpretentious of the big-time critics, can bring two fingers to the nose to all except her most jaded followers. But that is irrelevant here. That she has always championed imagination and originality in film is important and, I think, the message of "On the Future of Movies." Okay, Pauline and Jay's pantheon lists of auteurs (Are you out there, Andrew?) don't overlap much. The crucial question is why should artists or potential artists be compromised, not who exactly are the true artists? That can come later. Meanwhile, all this in-squabbling gets us nowhere. Cocks's remarks would be better served directed at the Hollywood cretins in the influential pages of *Time* not at Pauline Kael's reputed Philistinism in the safe halls of *Take One*.

Chris Schemering
Arlington, Virginia

Re Griffith

Please allow me to right some of the wrongs and near-wrongs in my Griffith centennial salute [Vol. 4 No. 7].

Because the 1896 film, **The Kiss**, is often called **The John C. Rice — May Irwin Kiss**, many people think Rice and Irwin made it. Actually, Rice and Irwin were only performers. (Irwin played an important part in the evolution of ragtime music.) **The Kiss** came out of the Edison studio. By not explaining this in my article, I feel I contributed to the misconception of the film's origin.

Secondly, I stated that Griffith took a stage actress named Gladys Smith and made her into a screen actress named Mary Pickford. The inference here is that Griffith changed her name. Not so. David Belasco did that shortly before Mary left him. It *was* Griffith, however, who made Pickford a screen performer.

There is an error in my plot synopsis of **Way Down East**. It is a character named Martha Perkins, and not the husband, who tells the farmer of Lillian Gish's past. And those keeping my article as reference material should be advised that I misspelled **That Royle Girl** as "Royale".

I don't know how these slip-ups occurred. Certainly I remembered everything correctly. It must be my typewriter who has a bad memory.

While we're at it, the caption for the photo on page 8 mistakenly gives the impression that Frank Woods is Billy Bitzer. Bitzer stands behind Griffith.

Alanna Nash
Louisville, Ky.

THE EDITOR PROMISES...
that we won't publish any more articles on Bruce Lee or Kung Fu for the whole rest of this year. We're not entirely without pity, you know.

CLASSIFIEDS

20 cents a word (minimum $5). Rates for more than one insertion supplied on request. Payment must accompany order.

A HITCHCOCK FAN'S collectors item. Twelve 8x10 stills of Hitchcock's cameo appearances in Hitchcock's films plus 1975 wall calendar only $2 (postpaid). Ken Bell, 38A Orchard St., Cambridge, Mass. 02140.

"FOREVER ISLAND" — a poignant, unforgettable novel set in the Florida Everglades. A Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club selection. Signed hardcovers, $6.50; paperbacks, $1.50; Surfside Bookmart, Box 1327, Cocoa, Florida 32922.

Set Moviola rewinds (4-reel), $30; 3 Pro. Junior tripods, $40 each; 1 Uhr 4000 tape recorder, $150; 1 16mm Zeiss Moviscop viewer, $80; 1 Griswold splicer, $15; 1 Moviola 16mm 4-gang synchronizer with 2 magnetic heads, $175; 1 16 mm Cine Kodak Special II with C-mount, including Wollensak 25mm *f*1.9 Raptar lens, Kodak Cine Ektar 15 mm *f*2.5, Berthiot pan zoom *f*2.8 (20-60), Japanese 125 mm telephoto, total $325. Phone: 819-842-2207.

Open to Canadians too!

There's a new kind of American in Paris.

A student of film theory and history at the Centre d'Études Universitaires Américain du Cinéma.

The Center provides U.S. students with a carefully designed program of courses and seminars which examine and analyze film—its history, theory, formal structures and its relation to the other arts. Courses and workshops are held at the University of Paris III and other film departments of the university, and the program takes full advantage of the splendid facilities Paris has to offer the student of film — places such as the famed Cinémathèque Française. Faculty includes a number of the foremost film theorists, historians, critics, and professionals now working in France.

The program is open to advanced undergraduates or graduates proficient in French, with a background in film history and a specific interest in theory. Dates are September 1975 through June 1976. For details, write to Mary Milton, CIEE, 777 United Nations Plaza, New York, New York 10017.

Now Available:

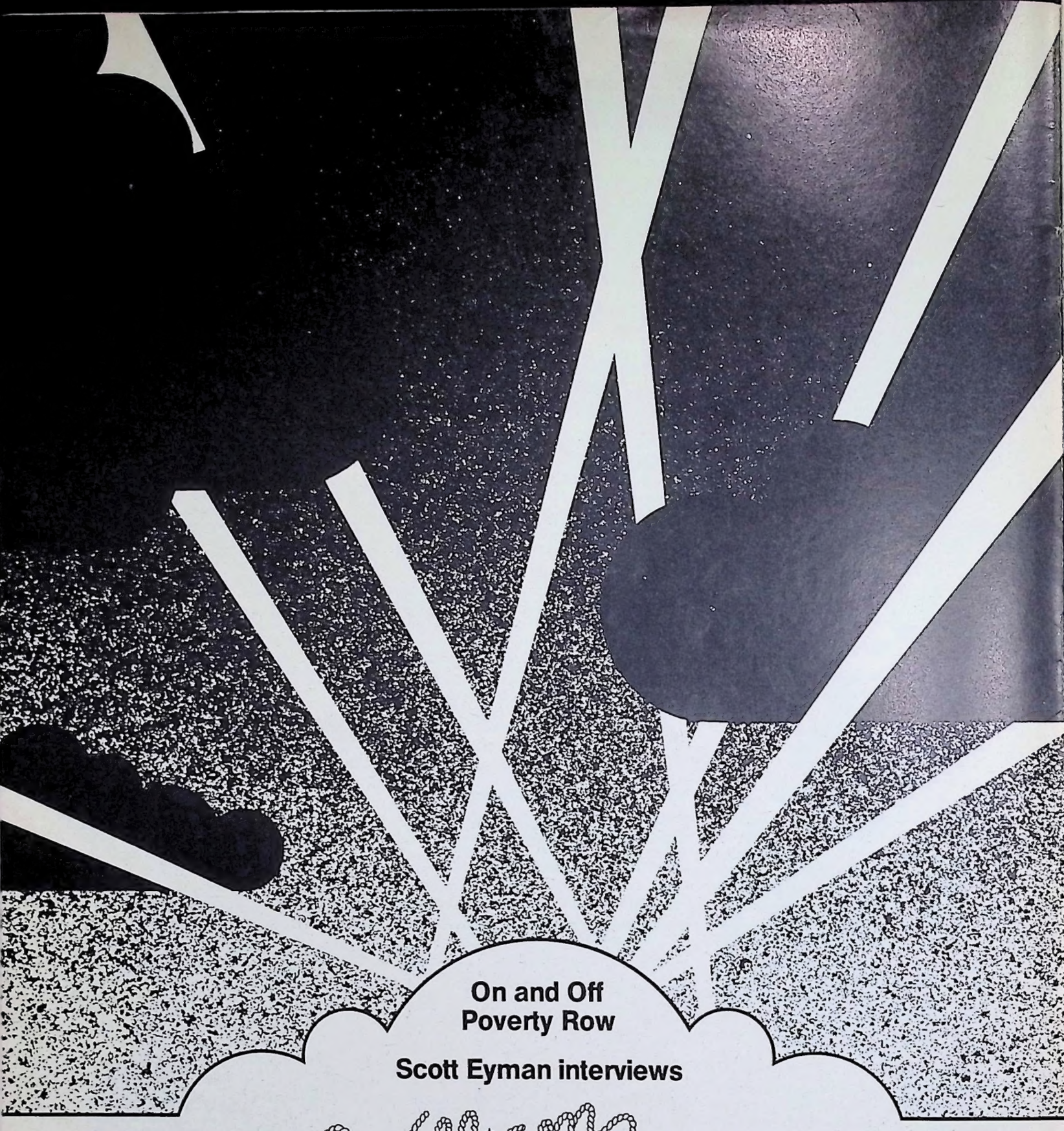
Program Notes from
New School Film Series

Truffaut ● Godard ● Fellini
Bergman ● Lester ● Kubrick
The New Wave (3 parts)
American Realism

$2 each (New Wave, $3) postpaid. These monographs range from 21 to 68 pp. in length and include complete credits and commentary on all films to date of publication (1972-1974).

New York Zoetrope, 31 East 12 St., New York, New York 10003 (Bookstores: Discounts available on bulk shipments.)

Notes also on sale at Gotham Book Mart, Cinemabilia, and Bleecker St. Film Bookshop in N.Y.C. and Larry Edmunds Book Shop in Hollywood.



On and Off Poverty Row

Scott Eyman interviews

William Cameron Menzies

about William Wellman, Josef Von Sternberg, John Ford, Sam Peckinpah and Duke Wayne.

William H. Clothier is in very select company: along with William Fraker and Haskell Wexler, he is the most brilliant American cameraman since World War II.

He is also living proof of the existence of the cameraman as auteur, that most unfashionable of critical terms. One has only to compare a late Ford film shot by Clothier (**Cheyenne Autumn**) to one shot by someone else (**Two Rode Together**).

Cheyenne Autumn, with its lines of humans in long shot contrasted to the massive magnificence of Monument Valley, is one of the most beautifully photographed Westerns ever, quite the equal of Bert Glennon's justifiably famous rubbed charcoal texturings of **Stagecoach**.

Two Rode Together, on the other hand, is so ordinarily photographed as to border on mediocrity. The compositions lack depth, the lighting is flat, the color unremarkable, and the film as a whole lacks the sort of impressively rugged grandeur that Clothier's Remington-like canvases can impart to even the hollow, bombastic configurations of something like McLaglen's **The Way West**.

Clothier's camera often is, in fact, at odds with a purported theme. **The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance**, a film about necessary lies and the need for illusion ("...print the legend...") is photographed in an almost grimy black and white, a black and white that really is almost completely black and white. No illusion or legendary figures. Just a gritty, enclosed reality.

Clothier's frontier (for that is his abiding interest and area of accomplishment) can be a parched desert, a sooty cow-town, an abandoned railroad car in the middle of the Mojave or a verdant Louisiana bayou; whatever, geographical reality is the rule. Clothier never indulges himself in the currently fashionable mannerism of viewing the West as a golden-filtered, amber-edlandscaped nostalgic romanticism.

William Clothier lives in an atmosphere perfectly suited to his propensity for the outdoors. In an oak-lined den, surrounding a magnificent pool table, are a series of shots from his films — sharing space with Remington and Russell prints, as well as originals by Olaf Wieghorst, a Dane who specializes in painting the West and who, for collectors of arcane movie trivia, did a bit as a Swedish gunsmith in **El Dorado** for Howard Hawks, also a fan of his work.

Clothier is a friendly, well-spoken and precise man who loves talking about his craft as much as Barry Goldwater (who he closely resembles) delights in talking about his. It is his avocation, his love, and it is obvious from the enjoyment he derives from merely discussing them that, protestations of a permanent retirement to the contrary, his heart is still somewhere in the highlands.

You were born in 1903?

That is correct.

Where?

In Decatur, Illinois. My father was a contractor; he did paperhanging, painting, decorating, that sort of thing. I went into the service when I was very young — 15 years old. After I got out of the service, I did some work for my father down in Texas, where he had moved shortly after I went into the service. To start with, about all I did was paint garages and fences, but I did learn a little about the business. I stayed with that about six months and decided I didn't like it, so I took off for California.

You never finished high school?

Never. There was a war going on and that intrigued me, so I enlisted rather than finish school. I didn't get kicked out or anything, I just didn't enjoy it. Like a lot of kids in those days, I thought school wasn't necessary. See, I lost my mother when I was nine; things at home were difficult, I suppose. I got along very well with my father but not too well with my stepmother. I just left and went out on my own. Besides, by the time I came out of the service I was pretty much a man and I didn't want to go back to school. And in those days, there was no G.I. Bill of Rights where a boy could go to school and get an education.

So I came out to California and got a job as a scenic artist at Warner Brothers studio. I painted backdrops and sets. It was the only way I could see of getting in: through the back door. I went out there at eight in the morning; they were looking for help and said, "We need eight painters"; I said, "I'm one of them." This was in 1923. After about six months at Warners I got a job on Poverty Row as a painter.

Gower and Sunset was the center of Poverty Row. There was the Stern Brothers studio on one corner, there was Harry Cohn and Columbia, there was Sunset studios and a half a dozen others. Everybody who was trying to make pictures cheap would go down to Poverty Row, buy some short ends of film, hire a Western actor and shoot for three days. They didn't call it Poverty Row for nothing.

I stayed around there for six or eight months, and one day the head of the department passed away and they gave me the job: Head of Scenic Design. But it wasn't what I wanted. I wanted to get behind a camera. I mentioned this to one of the Art Directors and he told me this: "You're earning a dollar an hour right now. To quit that and go on the cameras, you'll only make 20 dollars a week." I said, "That's OK with me; I'll do it." So he said, "All right, I'll get you a job."

So he got me a job with a cameraman by the name of Ernie Palmer. Ernie took me out on my first day in the business as an Assistant Cameraman and showed me how to set up the camera — put a drop of oil in the Bell & Howell in about four different places, how to hold the slate, etc.

I stayed with that for quite a while and eventually I went to work for some other Poverty Row companies — as an Assistant Cameraman.

Then 1926 came along and Paramount was looking for Assistant Cameramen for this big aerial picture they were going to make. They were going to have about 18 cameramen for this picture. Somebody had mentioned me and I was interviewed by a cameraman by the name of Faxon Deane. He asked me who I'd worked for as an assistant. Well, I hadn't worked for too many people, two or three maybe, but I named a dozen. Faxon Deane wasn't too impressed. I was getting nowhere fast when I mentioned that I'd lived in San Antonio, Texas, where the picture was going to be shot, and I wanted to go back there working for a picture company.

He stopped what he was doing, looked at me and said, "You worked in San Antonio, Texas?"

I said, "Yes."

"Do you know any girls there?"

"I know every girl in town."

So I got the job, not because I was a good assistant, but because I knew some girls in San Antonio, Texas. That's not the end of the story, but that's as far as I'm going to take it.

I think I can guess the rest.

That's how I started at Paramount; I stayed with the company until 1930.

Faxon Deane was hired as an aerial photographer on **Wings** (1927) and I was his assistant. Bill Wellman gave each of us kids (there were close to 20 of us) an Eyemo camera and all the film we wanted. We shot anything and everything. Out of all that, there were a few inches of film that he liked. We were down in Texas for six months.

Wellman always called me "Lantern Jaw". Now, in those

Everybody who was trying to make pictures cheap would go down to poverty row, buy some short ends of film, hire a western actor and shoot for three days. They didn't call it poverty row for nothing.

Scott Eyman is a regular contributor to Take One *(he did that interview with Mae West in our Vol. 4 No. 1), who also reviews movies for Cleveland's* West Life.

days, we used to sit around and wait three weeks for the right weather and nobody complained. So we used to play a lot of football. We played all the Army teams that were stationed down there. I was the center, Wellman the quarterback. To this day, I have footprints on my back from Wellman running straight over me. Wild Bill Wellman — a great guy.

Many years later, I was recommended to Wellman and he couldn't place the name. I walked into his office and he looked at me and said "Lantern Jaw"! He remembered right away. That was on **The High and the Mighty.**

*Were the aerial shots in **Wings** handheld?*

No, we had cameras on machine-gun mounts, strapped over the cockpits, everywhere. We had eight or ten people, grips, on that film who did nothing but make camera mounts. Any place we wanted a camera, they'd figure out a way to put it there. Of course, sometimes the pilots didn't want to fly them, but...

Do you know, at the end of the film, when Buddy Rogers accidentally shoots down Richard Arlen because he's flying a German plane and he crashes into a house? Just in front of the house, before the crash, is a woman and a little girl — that was Wellman's wife and adopted daughter. To do that shot, we had to build a ramp, an enormous thing, and tie an airplane on the top. There was a dummy in the cockpit, representing Arlen, and we mounted cameras in the cockpit, looking over the dummy's shoulder. The ramp was 40 feet high and 80 feet long, if I remember correctly. So we built this French farmhouse, wound up the airplane and cut the wires — flew right into the house, just like we planned.

The minute the shot was over, we rushed in and tried to find the camera that had been mounted in the cockpit — Oh God, that was going to be a great shot, looking thru the guy-wires of the wings and everything — but we couldn't find the camera! Well, we finally stumbled over it in a field a few hundred yards away. It had flown off the mount on impact, through the house and landed over in this field behind the set.

So, three days later, we're looking at the rushes in the projection room. Well, that shot comes on, the airplane starts down the ramp, and it is one Hell of a shot! Then halfway down the ramp, a big chunk of the dummy's hair flies off; six feet more and another chunk of hair flies off. By the time it hit the house, the dummy was bald! Wellman was livid. He started screaming for Kaufman, the make-up man. If Kaufman had been in the room, he would have been murdered; Wellman would have slaughtered him.

What other directors did you work with at Paramount besides Wellman?

I worked on all the Emil Jannings pictures — all but the first one, **The Way of All Flesh**. Victor Milner shot that and then Bert Glennon made the rest and I worked with Bert. I did **The Last Command** with Von Sternberg, **The Patriot** with Lubitsch, **Street of Sin** with Mauritz Stiller, and **Underworld** with Von Sternberg.

There's not much in-between about Von Sternberg; either people loved him or they hated his guts.

Well, I guess I'm in-between. I didn't adore him and neither did I hate him. I always got along with him. He didn't scare me and God knows I didn't scare him.

He did try to intimidate people?

Lord, yes. He always insisted on having a finder to look through. Bert Glennon, the cameraman, would never let him look through his because "Only *I* look through *my* finder." So I went and got a finder and set it on a still tripod; Sternberg would always rehearse looking through this finder. Whenever he was satisfied, which might be eight hours after we started, we'd take the finder tripod out and move the camera into the same position.

One day Evelyn Brent came to me (this was on **Underworld**) and said, "Take some grease paint and rub it over the eyepiece of the finder." I said, "Jesus, he'll fire me." She said, "I won't let him fire you." So I did it. I greased up that finder good. So Joe was up there rehearsing, hour after hour; he'd go to sleep on that damn thing. Occasionally he would look up, glare around and go back to his finder. Well, the result of all this was that he had black stripes across his nose, over his forehead, all over his face. Bancroft, Kohler, Brook, everybody started laughing and Joe didn't know what the hell they were laughing at; after a bit it became hysterical. Finally, Evelyn Brent came up and gave him a mirror. He took one look and started looking for me; I was hiding behind some scenery. "Bill Clothier, goddamn you, get out here." He was good-natured about it though; he took it. But Josef was a strange man. He made a couple of great films and became very hard to get along with.

Did you read Von Sternberg's autobiography?

No.

Well, in it he tells the most horrible, insulting stories about

The Horse Soldiers

WILLIAM CLOTHIER FILMOGRAPHY

1947 For You I Die *John Reinhardt.*
1948 Sofia *Reinhardt.*
1950 Once a Thief *W. Lee Wilder.*
1952 Confidence Girl *Andrew Stone.* Jet Pilot *(aerial sequence) Josef von Sternberg.*
1953 Phantom from Space *W. Lee Wilder.* Island in the Sky *(aerial sequence) William Wellman.*
1954 Killers from Space *W. Lee Wilder.* Track of the Cat *Wellman.* The High and the Mighty *(aerial sequence) Wellman.*
1955 Gang Busters *Bill Karan.* The Sea Chase *John Farrow.* Blood Alley *Wellman.* Sincerely Yours *Gordon Douglas.* Top of the World *(aerial sequence) Lewis Foster.*
1956 Goodbye, My Lady *Wellman.* Seven Men from Now *Budd Boetticher.* Gun the Man Down *Andrew McLaglen.* The Man in the Vault *McLaglen.*
1957 Dragoon Wells Massacre *Harold Schuster.* Bombers B-52 *Douglas.*
1958 Darby's Rangers *Wellman.* Fort Dobbs *Gordon Douglas.* Lafayette Escadrille *Wellman.* China Doll *Borzage.*
1959 Escort West *Francis Lyon.* The Horse Soldiers *John Ford.*
1960 The Alamo *John Wayne.*
1961 Ring of Fire *Andrew Stone.* The Comancheros *Michael Curtiz.* The Deadly Companions *Sam Peckinpah.* The Tomboy and the Champ *Lyon.*
1962 The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance *Ford.* Merrill's Marauders *Samuel Fuller.*
1963 Donovan's Reef *Ford.* McLintock! *Andrew McLaglen.*
1964 A Distant Trumpet *Raoul Walsh.* Cheyenne Autumn *Ford.*
1965 Shenandoah *McLaglen.*
1966 The Rare Breed *McLaglen.* Stagecoach *Gordon Douglas.* Way... Way Out *Douglas.*
1967 The Way West *McLaglen.* The War Wagon *Burt Kennedy.*
1968 Firecreek *Vincent McEveety.* The Devil's Brigade *McLaglen.* Bandolero *McLaglen.* Hellfighters *McLaglen.*
1970 The Cheyenne Social Club *Gene Kelly.* The Undefeated *McLaglen.* Chisum *McLaglen.* Rio Lobo *Howard Hawks.*
1971 Big Jake *George Sherman.*
1973 The Train Robbers *Burt Kennedy.*

Emil Jannings; he respected him as an actor but didn't think much of him as a man.

That's easy to explain. Would you like to know what Jannings did to him? It was Thanksgiving; the studio had insisted we work on Thanksgiving Day. Of course, in those days, we worked night and day anyway — there were no unions. I was making $25 a week and my soul belonged to Paramount — they sucked the last drop of blood out of you.

Anyway, it was Thanksgiving. Bert Glennon went to Jannings and said, "Look Emil, you're the star. Tell them you won't work on Thanksgiving." Emil said, "What will I tell them?" "Tell them you want to go to church." So he tried and they said, "Look, don't give us that crap; you're working tomorrow."

So the next day, on the set, there was this very, very valuable antique rug. It was gorgeous; very big, very beautiful. If the camera had to be set on it, we'd put a piece of plywood under the tripod so as not to hurt the carpet. So Glennon said, "The hell with it; if I have to work on Thanksgiving, I'm putting the camera right on the carpet." Well, that started a big stink and things got pretty tense.

Finally, near the end of the day, Von Sternberg was looking through the camera setting up his shot. He was bending over, with his legs slightly apart. Emil Jannings is sitting right next to the camera, smoking a cigarette. Jannings, very deliberately, while Von Sternberg was bending over next to him, took his cigarette and carefully burned a hole right in the seat of Von Sternberg's tweed suit and, just as deliberately, shoved the cigarette right up his ass!

Von Sternberg was mad, very mad, but Jannings was *the* star. I guess that might have rankled Josef, so maybe he took the opportunity to get back when he wrote his book.

Lubitsch I liked very much; he was a fine old gentleman. Bert Glennon, the cameraman on the picture that I worked on

Cheyenne Autumn

(**The Patriot**) was a bit of a crab and used to get mad at directors. One day he told Lubitsch, "Ernst, I don't think you know what you want." Lubitsch looked at him for a bit and then said, "Bert, you're right, I don't". And that's all there was to that. Glennon would fight with anybody and Lubitsch just wasn't having any. I learned from Glennon that it's stupid to fight with directors. If John Ford had ever told me to put the camera upside down, I'd have put the camera upside down. It's the director's prerogative.

Why did you finally leave Paramount?

I was still an Assistant Cameraman and I had made a statement a few years earlier to the effect that if I didn't get a promotion by 1930, I was going to leave. I didn't get one, so I left. I went over to RKO, where I also didn't get a promotion after several years.

Why not? Bad luck or just studio politics?

Not so much bad luck as never being in the right place at the right time. And knowing the right people. Thinking back on it, I guess I was a little obnoxious at times too, so other people were favored over me. I stayed at RKO until we had the big strike in 1933. I worked with some interesting people; "Wait a Minute Henry" Cronjager...

*He shot **Tolable David**, didn't he?*

That's right.

Why was he called "Wait a Minute Henry"?

You mean you've never heard that story? It was back at the Paramount studios on Long Island, a big set working at night. They were still turning the cameras by crank in those days and they had this enormous set they were going to burn down. So Henry says he's ready, they set fire to the set and the director calls "Action." Just then, Henry noticed that his crank was missing and started to scream "Wait a minute, wait a minute!" All that, while the sets were burning down. That's why they called him "Wait a Minute Henry."

What happened in 1933?

Well, the strike was on and there was no work; I had the opportunity to fly down to Mexico City with a friend; after I got there, I was walking down the street when I ran into a cutter that I knew from RKO. He asked what I was doing; he was producing a film and was having some trouble. The cameraman wasn't doing good work. He asked me to go out on location and see if I could find out what was wrong. I did, worked on the film and helped to pull it through and shortly thereafter became a Director of Photography in Mexico. I worked there until the War came along and it was a ball. The money was good and I met my wife, Carmen, there. It was a good deal all around.

Then the War started and I came back to the States. John Ford, whom I had previously met at his home, tried to get me in his outfit. I had just been offered a Captaincy in the Air Force when the Old Man called and said he wanted to see me.

The Old Man?

He was always the Old Man to everybody; The Coach or the Old Man. I've always called him Jack. One time I called him John and he told me that only his enemies called him John. "Call me Jack," he'd say. So anyway, I went in to see him and he offered me a Lieutenancy Junior Grade, in the Navy, which is a rank less than Captain in the Air Force. I talked to my wife about it and she thought that, seeing as I was bound to fight in something, I might as well fight first class.

I went in the Air Force, where, a little later on, I had an outfit similar to Ford's. While I was in the Air Force, I shot **The Memphis Belle**. I shot 36,000 feet of film for that, shipped all the footage over here to Willy Wyler and he edited it and made a picture out of it.

And after the war?

I came out of the service in January of 1945 and went back to work as a Second Cameraman; the position as a First in Mexico didn't transfer. I started on a John Ford picture with Duke Wayne working under old Archie Stout: **Fort Apache**.

Now, Archie was a guy who argued with directors. One day he got into a beef with Ford, a terrible row and the upshot of it was that he refused to shoot this scene. It was backlit and looked to me like it'd be great. So Ford climbed off the parallel, put his arm around my shoulder and said, "I want you to tell that son of a bitch never to tell me he won't shoot something. If I ask a cameraman to shoot something and it isn't OK, I'll be the first one to take it out of the picture." "OK Jack, I'll tell him." Of course, it didn't mean a damn thing to Archie.

Near the end of the picture, Ford came up to me and said, "You're too good to be a second cameraman." I said I appreciated that very much and hoped an opportunity to become a First would present itself. Which it did, right after that. It was a picture called **For You I Die**, directed by John Reinhardt. Then I made a few more, cheap, small pictures — in a sense, I was back on Poverty Row, but at least I was on Poverty Row as a Director of Photography. Then one day John Ford called me to do a picture, but I was committed to another guy; shortly after that, I got back into aerial photography, with Howard Hughes' **Jet Pilot** (1957)

Hughes I met only once; it was in a darkened projection room. The cutter, who was there, said, "Mr. Hughes, this is Bill

Clothier, the cameraman." He said, "Glad to meet you; roll the film." What he showed me was **Hells Angels**. After the aerial scenes were over, he turned to me and said, "Unless you have clouds that good, don't shoot."

Jules Furthman, the producer, was a nice man, but occasionally he would get nervous about money. He'd ask me why I wasn't up shooting.

"The clouds aren't any good."

"They look all right to me."

"Look, Jules, Hughes told me not to shoot unless I had clouds as good as the ones in **Hells Angels**; these aren't and I'm not shooting."

I haven't the faintest idea why he hired Von Sternberg to direct that picture. It was absurd, like hiring Frederick Remington to paint a nude: it wasn't what he did best. It's possible Furthman had something to do with hiring Josef; Jules had worked for him back in the **Underworld** days.

Hughes was strange. He sold the studio and **Jet Pilot** itself, before it was released, to General Tire and Rubber. Then he bought **Jet Pilot** back and, finally, released it. You say **Jet Pilot** was released in 1957? We made that film in 1951, for God's sake!

I'll tell you another one. During the war, in my outfit there was a guy who, before he went into the service, had been making censor cuts on **The Outlaw**. A year after the war I ran into him and asked what he was doing.

"I'm making censor cuts on **The Outlaw.**" That was six years after he'd begun!

Bill Wellman called me one day and asked me to do **Track of the Cat** (1954) as a First Cameraman. Archie Stout was supposed to have done it, but he had a heart attack. I said "Sure."

When it came time to talk, he asked me how much I wanted to do the film. I said, "Nothing." So he got hold of Duke Wayne, whose Batjac firm produced the picture, and said, "We've got to pay him something." So I said, "Pay me anything you want to pay me, just let me make the picture." By the time it was half done, I had a three-year contract with Batjac, with salary increases every year. See, I was never promoted by anybody; I promoted myself. I guess it's a question of confidence.

Track of the Cat was unusual; we used color stock, but only black and white costumes and sets. It was Wellman's idea; he came to me and said, "This is what I want to do." Now, you know Wellman, you've met him. He didn't say. "Do you think we could do this?" Hell, no, he'd already made up his mind and it was up to me to carry it out.

Everything was in black and white; even the butter on the table was white oleomargarine. We made only one mistake, Mitchum came in the house with a pair of snowshoes that had varnish on them; we didn't notice it until we watched the rushes and we couldn't go back and do it over.

But, for the first time, you really noticed people's features. When I made a close-up of Diana Lynn, you saw she had blue eyes and her hair was such and such a color and she had a flush in her cheeks. Absolutely everything was in neutral monotone except faces.

After about the third day on the picture, somebody came out on the set and said that Jack Warner had screamed his head off when he saw the rushes.

"I'm spending $500,000 more for color and there's no color in this damn thing."

So Wellman went up and looked at the rushes and said, "This is exactly what I want; if Warner doesn't like it, he can go shit in his hat."

Three or four days later, Warner sent a telegram to the two of us and apologized because he hadn't realized what we were trying to do. He said that now he understood and was wholeheartedly behind us.

*Did Ford do any work on **The Alamo** (1960)?*

I'll tell you exactly what happened. Duke Wayne said, "This has been my baby for ten years; I'm going to make it or else." He had some of his own money in it, you know. So we started to work, picking locations and the like, two years before we started shooting.

When we finally started, Duke said to me, "This is the way I want to do it; I want you to help me." There was no co-director on the set. I was the one who told Duke if a scene he'd just played was any good or not. Half the time, his lips would be moving, reading the other guys lines. I'd yell cut, tell him what he was doing and we'd start all over again.

We were about a month into the picture when John Ford shows up at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. He walks over, plunks himself down in the director's chair and stops Duke's scene: "Jesus Christ, Duke, that's not the way to do it..."

That night, Duke said to me, "God damn! I want to make this picture and I don't want Ford directing it. What the hell am I gonna do?"

I said, "Look, I've got a big crew here; an extra first cameraman who's not doing a damn thing. Let's give the Old Man a second unit." Duke thought that was a hell of an idea. So I got a crew together; a first cameraman, a couple of operators, Mike Wayne for the Old Man's assistant, Ken Curtis and all the other actors that we weren't using.

Well, Ford went out and shot stuff that couldn't possibly be used. It had absolutely nothing to do with the picture we were making. I don't think we used three cuts that the Old Man did; I would estimate that it cost Duke over $250,000 to give Ford that Second Unit.

How would you rate Wayne as a director?

Duke hasn't any patience with anybody: His family, other actors, anybody. If you've got a Big Name Star, he'll keep quiet; for instance, he wouldn't dream of telling Mitchum or Holden how to play a scene. But you take another actor... Howard Keel on **The War Wagon**, I remember. One day Duke started pushing him around, grabbing him, showing him how to play the scene. I'm watching this and Keel is starting to get pretty red.

After the scene was over, I went over to Keel and said, "I saw your reactions..." Before I could finish, he said, "If he puts his hands on me again, I'm gonna clobber that son of a bitch."

Duke doesn't mean anything by it, it's just the way he is. Of course, that doesn't change the fact that he doesn't have any business putting his hands on people.

Poor Sam [Peckinpah]. Maureen O'Hara — who's a lovely lady — was the star of **The Deadly Companions** (1961), but her brother Charlie was the producer, and he was a Goddamn idiot. They hired Sam to direct and an ex-prizefighter, who hated Sam's guts and kept trying to punch him, as a production manager.

One day we needed a live rattlesnake and the production manager refused to get one. I brought it up at a meeting:

"We need a rattlesnake."

"Goddamn it, you're not gonna get a live rattlesnake; the prop

The Train Robbers

boys got a prop rattlesnake and that's what you're gonna use."

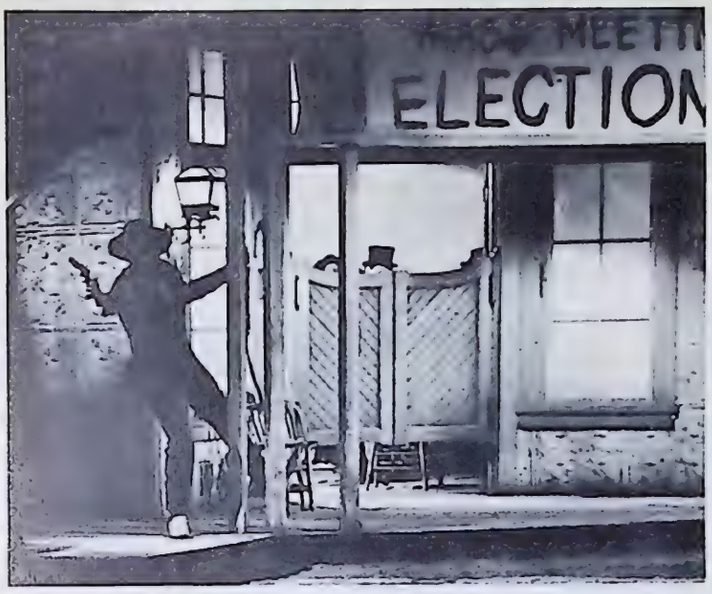
Sam says, "I'm not gonna shoot it that way."

With that, this guy jumped up and started to punch Sam!

After that was broken up, we finally settled on getting a live rattlesnake. Well, we had to sit around and wait while they went and bought some live rattlers. Christ the things were behind every bush; all they had to do was go out and catch one.

Sam really had his problems; at one point I was actually told not to co-operate with him.

I said, "Are you kidding? You hired this guy to make a picture



The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance

and I'm going to help him make a picture."

Then there was the cast; Brian Keith can't ride a horse and Steve Cochran was terrified of them. Of course, the horses could tell. When these guys got on a horse and started moving towards the camera, it got to be a race to see who would bail out first. They looked like seagulls flapping.

Sam and I had a lot of fun on that picture; we understood each other. Christ, with all those idiots running around, we had to.

Who's idea was it to do ***The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*** *(1962) in black and white?*

John Ford's. I didn't like the idea; color was becoming more and more necessary in the studio's eyes and I like working in color. Ford was adamant and for one reason: the gunfight in the street between Marvin and Stewart, where Wayne actually kills Marvin. That was the key to the whole film and Ford didn't want that in color, so he shot the whole thing in black and white. We finished that one sequence and he said to me, "See; it wouldn't have been half as good in color."

Of course, he was right.

After Ford gave you the camera placement, would he tell you anything about how he wanted the lighting to be?

No. He might say, "I want this in a low key", but that's all. Once or twice, when I first started working for him, he'd come up to me and say, "You know better than to light John Wayne like that." So I would look at Wayne and realize immediately what he was referring to. But in all the years I worked for him, he never told me anything as far as specific lighting instructions.

I take it you prefer to work in color?

I'll tell you one thing: It's a hell of a lot easier to shoot in color than it is to shoot in black and white and don't ever let anybody tell you different.

Ford had hired a friend of Wayne's, James Edward Grant. Jimmy wrote his script and Ford hated it, so he got another writer and changed the whole thing. The result was what you saw on the screen; they called it **Donovan's Reef** (1963). I suppose you've got to blame the Old Man for that. Just plain bad judgement.

To illustrate, we had finished all of our location work except one night sequence that we were going to do in the daytime, which is not the most pleasant thing in the world for any cameraman. We came out in the morning to do it and it was overcast. Well, there's no way you can shoot Day for Night on a cloudy day, just no way. We waited till noon. Finally, Ford said, "I'm not gonna wait any more; let's start shooting." I told him it wouldn't be any good, but we went ahead anyway.

It was a scene with Duke and the girl walking through some palm trees talking, telling the whole damn story. Christ, I tried my damnedest; I spent the rest of the afternoon and the next day working on it, using every arc I had. It was no damn good and I knew it.

After we were finished, I asked Jack, "Are you going to be happy with this crap we just got through with?"

"It'll be all right," was all he said.

So we got home, I looked at the rushes and they were just as bad as I thought they'd be. I go on the set and the Old Man's sitting in his chair, chewing on his handkerchief.

"How were the rushes?"

"They stink; you can't use them."

"Oh, bull, they're probably great. Maybe the lab can print it down..."

So a little later the cutter, Otto Lovering, comes on and Ford calls him over. They talk for about 10 minutes. After they were through, Ford just sat there thinking, studying. Finally, I went over to him.

"I saw you talking to Otto; what'd he say about the rushes?"

"He didn't like them."

"Jack, I remember that years ago you said that if you ever asked a cameraman to shoot something and it wasn't good, you'd be the first one to take it out of the picture." He looked at me with his one eye for about 20 seconds.

"Fort Apache?"

"Yes, **Fort Apache.**"

"I need that goddamn sequence like I need a hole in the head. We'll shoot the whole goddamn thing over right here on the stage." And that's what we did.

Do you feel that he should have stepped down sooner?

Quite possibly. But you can't let those last films mark the man; it was a revelation to work and learn from him.

Ford used to wear the same clothes day after day after day. Christ, he wore the same hat for 20 years. He also had things he'd say all the time, common-place things like, "I guess I'll have to pull a rabbit out of my hat," whenever a scene wasn't going well.

One day we were doing a scene in **Cheyenne Autumn** (1964) with Carroll Baker, Widmark and Malden. It was a tough scene and the Old Man must have taken 30 minutes moving Baker and Widmark around, trying to get the scene to work. Nothing. So he turned to me and said, "This isn't going to work, is it?" I said, "No." So then he said, "Well, I guess I'll have to pull a rabbit out of my hat." So he took his hat off and pulled a rabbit out of it! He must have had it hidden in there all morning. I never would have believed Ford would have done something like that, but there you are.

What irritates you photographically?

To see an actor or an actress that I've worked with badly photographed. I saw a film recently, **The Red Pony**, with Henry Fonda and Maureen O'Hara that was the worst photographed film I've ever seen in my life. It made me sick at my stomach to look at it; there's just no excuse for photographing Maureen that badly. She's so simple to photograph, so very simple. It was a maddening experience; total frustration.

Would Ford listen to suggestions?

He'd listen, but if you were smart you'd listen to him. He knew more about photography than any other man who ever worked in the movies. He was a genius; he'd force me into situations where I'd have to sit up and take notice.

In **Cheyenne Autumn**, there was a night scene — "I'm not

shooting at night; we're gonna shoot it in the daytime."

"Well, Jesus, Jack, why don't we just build the set right outside the motel, so you can direct it on your doorstep."

"I'm not going to work at night. You go out and make some tests. Figure out how to do it."

I couldn't talk him out of it, so I spent three days making tests. Then I consulted with Technicolor about how to desaturate some of these colors and get the night effect. By the time it came to actually shooting the scene (the one where the Indians fold up their tents and move away in the night), I knew exactly what I was going to do.

I'm all ready to shoot it when Wingate Smith, the Assistant Director, comes over and says, "The Old Man wants to see you." So I walk over to where he's sitting and chewing on his handkerchief and I kneel down beside him.

"You wanted to see me?"

"How're you doing?"

"I'm doing fine; what do you want?"

"I'm worried."

"About what?"

"About this scene."

"Jack, I told you three months ago it should be done at night. You refused to do it. I've worked this whole thing out and it's going to be fine. Just quit worrying about it and let me shoot. You'll like it."

So we did it. It took three or four days to do just that one scene. We shot it in the burning sun; I got an Oscar nomination for it, so it couldn't have been too bad. But, again, the director didn't interfere, he let me do it my way. You've got to have freedom, good conditions. The film had some fine photography in it. In fact, when we were through with the picture, Ford kissed me on the cheek and said, "This is the best-photographed picture I ever made in my life." He made me very happy.

As far as the picture in general, I think the same thing happened on **Cheyenne Autumn** that happened on a number of the Old Man's later films: He just got tired and lost interest. You could just see his energy flagging; after a while, he just wanted to wrap the picture up.

The logistics of shooting those enormous stampedes in ***Chisum*** *(1970) intrigue me; how do you stop the cattle after the shot is over?*

With cattle, it's not so hard; you've got cowboys on the end of the street to stop them, and they're running towards their corral anyway. If some do get away, they head for the corral as a matter of course. On **Chisum**, we only had around 400 head of cattle, which isn't very much.

Something like **The Undefeated** is something else again. When we started out, we had 3000 head of horses. When we got through shooting the stampede we had 2940. Somewhere we lost 60 horses. See, with cattle, you can stampede, because they're not too bright; they're not going to go far. But those damn horses took off like goats. We had horses all over Mexico.

You obviously love the expanse of the western. Do you like Cinemascope for it's use in landscapes or do you prefer a regular shape?

I like Cinemascope.

You're the only cameraman I've ever talked to who does.

I like it and I'll tell you why. What else have you got? You've got Cinemascope or 1:85 which is no Goddamn good at all because it's neither one thing nor the other. In 1:85, everything's pinched. The only thing I like better was the frame size they used 50 years ago, the almost perfect square. That was a size you could really compose with. With Cinemascope, if you compose it properly, you can always fill the screen with something.

That's what Ford was a master of: composition. I don't care whether you're working interior or exterior. You've got a subject, the focus of the shot, and you've got tables and chairs. You put the camera in the corner, frame it so that you've got the chair there in the foreground and your face and the lamp in the near background and you've got a nice composition. Outside you do it with trees, bushes or mountains. It's simple.

Ever want to direct?

Never. The only cameraman who made a good director was Victor Fleming and he was a lousy cameraman.

What about Jack Cardiff?

I never cared for his stuff; he shot that Foreign Legion film with Duke, **Legend of the Lost**.

Good God, I wouldn't blame that on him.

No, certainly not, but his desert footage didn't impress me and he used some colored lights around lamps that I didn't like. He's a better director than he is a cameraman. Personally, I'd rather be a top cameraman than a lousy director. I'm not sure I could direct a picture, but I know damn well I can photograph it.

Duke likes to work; he gets a million dollars a picture, six to ten weeks work. He's accumulating a lot of money for his children who, if I know them, will throw it all away. Duke just loves the movies, but lately it just wasn't fun anymore.

On **The Train Robbers** (1973) I went to Duke and said, "Goddamn it, don't yell at me."

"I wasn't yelling at you, I was yelling at that stupid goddamn director."

"Well, you were looking at me while you were yelling."

Old Duke is like my brother; I can say things to him that nobody else can because I know him better than anybody else. I've known him for 44 years, you know, but it just wasn't fun anymore, and when that happens, it's time to quit.

I thought ***The Train Robbers*** *was beautifully photographed; that long sequence with the abandoned box-cars in the desert was practically Bunuellian in it's splendor.*

Thank you very much. I appreciate that; still it's a hell of a lot of work, you know. You'd be surprised at how strenuous it is. If I'm working on a picture at Batjac, I'm picked up at 6 in the morning to go on location. Duke and I are either the first or second ones on the set. We work until the sun goes down. Then I have to go into town to see the rushes. I get home about 8 or 8:30 at night, and that's 6 days a week. Hell it's strenuous to get up at 6 in the morning if all you do is sit in a rocking chair!

And, like I said, when Duke worked with Ford he would come up and say, "OK Coach, what do I do?"

Ford would say, "You walk over to the horse, get on and ride out." Duke would then walk over to the horse, get on and ride out.

When he's working with another director it doesn't happen that way. "Goddamn it, I'm tired; I don't want to get on the horse." That's the way it works.

Luckily, my investments worked out and I don't have to work; from here on in I just sit on the sidelines, I hope.

Don't you ever miss the days of working with Ford, of that constant push of creativity?

Well, it's a funny thing with Jack: socially, you never wanted any part of him. He just wasn't that pleasant. For one thing, he was a reformed alcoholic; he didn't drink and he didn't think anybody else should. He also liked to play cards, but if you won you were a no-good Son of a Bitch. With old man Ford, every time he walked on the set, he'd line up all the alcoholics on the picture — and there were usually three actors and two or three in the crew — and go down the line and smell their breath.

I remember once a producer tried to change the Old Man's work habits. We used to start work at 9 and quit at 2:30 in the afternoon. One day the producer (this was **Cheyenne Autumn**) came on the set and said that he wanted us to work until 4 in the afternoon. Well, that's OK with me; if he wants us to work till 4, we work till 4.

So the next morning comes and I'm waiting to get the first set-up from the Old Man; I can't light anything until I get the set-up. 8:30 comes and the Old Man's not there. 9:00 comes and the Old Man's not there. We called Ford's house about 9:30 and the maid said that he had left a long time ago. At 10:30 his limousine pulled up, the music started (he always had "Bringing in the Sheaves" played), the Old Man got out, walked up and said, "The funniest thing happened. I've had the same goddamn chauffeur for 25 years and this morning he got lost!" The next day the Old Man came in at 9 and quit at 2:30, just like before.

He was the best there ever was. To answer your question, yes, I guess I do miss it. Just a little.

END

Couples Under Glass.

Serve them raw, tender, scrambled or hard-boiled. Our famous film couples will show you quite an evening. For an exciting double feature, try two. They're specialists in gourmet entertainment.

HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR
Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada relive war's horrors and love's glories. Directed by Alain Resnais.

BONNIE AND CLYDE
Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty shoot their way to happiness. Directed by Arthur Penn.

DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES
Lee Remick and Jack Lemmon share one hell of a hangover. Directed by Blake Edwards.

BREATHLESS
Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg race through life with a galloping madness. Directed by Jean-Luc Godard.

THE PUMPKIN EATER
Anne Bancroft and Peter Finch live life in a pumpkin shell carved by Harold Pinter. Directed by Jack Clayton.

LA NOTTE
Marcello Mastroianni and Jeanne Moreau make the rounds—from sunset to sunrise. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni.

Contemporary/McGraw-Hill Films
Rate us "E" for Entertainment.

For booking information, call or write:

Amy Hustedt
Princeton Road
Hightstown, New Jersey 08520
(609) 448-1700

Gary Facente
828 Custer Avenue
Evanston, Illinois 60202
(312) 869-5010

Barbara Taylor
1714 Stockton Street
San Francisco, California 94133
(415) 362-3115

U.S. Distribution Only

A Filmography

The Biograph Films
(Griffith averaged 120 one-reel films a year during his period with the Biograph Company. Many were made quickly — or, as Bitzer put it, "ground out like sausages" — and are of little artistic or aesthetic value. They did, however, achieve their primary purposes — to make money and entertain. The following partial list represents some of Griffith's better efforts and indicates the scope of his subject matter. For a complete listing of Griffith's Biograph films, see Iris Barry and Eileen Bowser's monograph, "D.W. Griffith: American Film Master." Subjects of the below films are drawn from Robert M. Henderson's book, *D.W. Griffith: The Years at Biograph.* The list itself is from Fred Silva's *Focus On: The Birth of a Nation.*)

1908
The Adventures of Dollie (contemporary action — gypsy tale; Griffith's first film)
The Taming of the Shrew (Elizabethan farce)
The Guerrilla (Civil War melodrama)
1909
The Joneses Have Amateur Theatricals (situation comedy)
Edgar Allan Poe (mid-19th century melodrama)
The Drunkard's Reformation (temperance melodrama)
What Drink Did (temperance drama)
The Lonely Villa (contemporary melodrama)
1776, or **The Hessian Renegades** (American Revolution drama)
In Old Kentucky (Civil War melodrama)
Pippa Passes (19th century romance/fantasy)
A Corner in Wheat (contemporary social melodrama)
The Honor of His Family (Civil War melodrama)
1910
In the Border States (Civil War melodrama)
The House with Closed Shutters (Civil War melodrama)
The Usurer (contemporary melodrama)
Rose O' Salem Town (Puritan witchcraft melodrama)
The Fugitive (Civil War melodrama)
His Trust (Civil War melodrama)
His Trust Fulfilled (Civil War drama)
1911
Fisher Folks (seaside melodrama)
The Lonedale Operator (contemporary railroad melodrama)
Enoch Arden (seaside melodrama)
Bobby the Coward (slum melodrama)
The Country Cupid (pastoral romance)
Swords and Hearts (Civil War drama)
The Battle (Civil War drama)
The Miser's Heart (child-centered slum melodrama)
1912
Man's Genesis (primitive-man melodrama)
Man's Lust for Gold (desert miner's melodrama)
The Musketeers of Pig Alley (gangster melodrama)
The New York Hat (contemporary romance)
The Informer (Civil War melodrama)
The Massacre (melodrama of Custer's Last Stand)
1913
The Mothering Heart (domestic tragedy)
The Battle of Elderbush Gulch (Western action melodrama)

In Prehistoric Days (primitive-man melodrama)
Judith of Bethulia (Biblical melodrama)

Feature Films (with dates of New York openings)
The Battle of the Sexes (April 12, 1914)
Home, Sweet Home (May 17, 1914)
The Escape (June 1, 1914)
The Avenging Conscience (August 2, 1914)
The Birth of a Nation (March 3, 1915)
Intolerance (September 5, 1916)
Hearts of the World (April 4, 1918)
The Great Love (August 11, 1918)
The Greatest Thing in Life (December 22, 1918)
A Romance of Happy Valley (January 26, 1919)
The Girl Who Stayed Home (March 23, 1919)
Broken Blossoms (May 13, 1919)
True Heart Susie (June 1, 1919)
Scarlet Days (November 10, 1919)
The Greatest Question (December 28, 1919)
The Idol Dancer (March 21, 1920)
The Love Flower (August 22, 1920)
Way Down East (September 3, 1920)
Dream Street (April 12, 1921)
Orphans of the Storm (December 28, 1921)
One Exciting Night (September 12, 1922)
The White Rose (May 21, 1923)
America (February 21, 1924)
Isn't Life Wonderful? (December 5, 1924)
Sally of the Sawdust (August 2, 1925)
That Royale Girl (January 10, 1926)
The Sorrows of Satan (October 12, 1926)
Drums of Love (January 24, 1928)
The Battle of the Sexes (October 12, 1928)
Lady of the Pavements (January 22, 1929)
Abraham Lincoln (October 25, 1930)
The Struggle (December 10, 1931)

Many of Griffith's films may be rented from the Museum of Modern Art, Department of Film, 11 West 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 (see the Museum's film library catalogue for specific titles) and from The Canadian Film Institute, 1762 Carling Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K2A 2H7. Two other excellent sources of rental prints are The Killiam Collection, 6 East 39th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016 and Macmillan Audio Brandon, 34 MacQuesten Parkway So., Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550; but it is usually a good idea to make certain your source does actually have the rights to the film they are renting you. Blackhawk Films, The Eastin-Phelan Corporation, Davenport, Iowa 52808, sells 8mm and Super-8 prints of **America, Broken Blossoms, The Fall of Babylon, Hearts of the World, Intolerance**, **Judith of Bethulia**, **Orphans of the Storm**, and **Way Down East**. Blackhawk also has prints of many of the one and two-reel Biograph films in 8mm, Super-8, and 16mm. Historical Films, Box 46505, Hollywood, Calif. 90046, also has 16mm prints of Griffith's Biograph films. But, before you spend all that money, check with the audio-visual department of your free public library. That's how I got to see **Intolerance.**

Alanna Nash

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH
—1875-1948—
Oldham County native buried here. Renowned as director-producer of The Birth of a Nation, film drama of Civil War and post-bellum era, and also Intolerance, Orphans of the Storm, Broken Blossoms. He created dramatic and photographic effects, close-up and fade-out. He brought out Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish and other stars.

A Bibliography

Aitken, Roy E., and Al P. Nelson. *The **Birth of a Nation** Story*. Middleburg, Va.: William A. Denlinger, 1965. This 96-page reminiscence by one of the film's producers focuses on the headaches of financing the first American film epic, and includes an often not-so-flattering portrait of Griffith the man.

Barry, Iris and Eileen Bowser. *D.W. Griffith: American Film Master*. New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1965. Invaluable monograph on Griffith and his work. Includes list of all Biograph films and cast and credits of all of Griffith's subsequent work.

Bitzer, Billy. *His Story: The Autobiography of D.W. Griffith's Master Cameraman*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1973. Innumerable anecdotes about the making of Griffith's films from the man behind The Man. To be taken with a grain of salt, however. Often rambling and inaccurate.

Bogle, Donald. *Toms, Coons, Mulattoes, Mammies and Bucks: An Interpretive History of Blacks in American Films.* New York: The Viking Press, 1973. Particularly valuable for its discussion of the detrimental effect **The Birth of a Nation** had on the Black people for generations.

Brown, Karl. *Adventures with D.W. Griffith*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1973. Fascinating and often humorous account of life with Griffith from his then teenage assistant cameraman. While it is often unnecessarily technical, it still offers an inside look at the making of **The Birth of a Nation** and a new glimpse at the human side of Griffith. Easily the best of the published reminiscences.

Brownlow, Kevin. *The Parade's Gone By*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1968. Goldmine of Griffith material, including reminiscences by Joseph Henabery and Mary Pickford.

Geduld, Harry M. *Focus On: D.W. Griffith*. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1971. A vital introduction to Griffith and his work. Contains the director's own essays as well as almost every important essay written on Griffith (Eisenstein's is conspicuously absent due to outlandish reprint fee). Much of this material is available nowhere else.

Gish, Lillian with Ann Pinchot. *The Movies, Mr. Griffith, and Me*. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1969. A very colored but useful memoir by Griffith's leading actress.

Goodman, Ezra. *The Fifty Year Decline and Fall of Hollywood*. New York: Macfadden, Bartell, 1957. Contains a heartbreaking portrait of a lonely, broken, drunken Griffith in his last days.

Griffith, Linda Arvidson (Mrs. D.W. Griffith). *When the Movies Were Young*. New York: E.P. Dutton, Co., 1925. Later edition, Dover Publications, Inc., 1969. An important account of Griffith's early days (through **The Birth**) by his wife, who was an actress in the Biograph company. Highly questionable in parts, however, since she and Griffith separated long before she finishes telling her tale.

Hart, James. *The Man Who Invented Hollywood: The Autobiography of D.W. Griffith*. Louisville: Touchstone Publishers, 1972. There are two Griffith autobiographies, this one and the one in the Museum of Modern Art. Eileen Bowser and Blanche Sweet cast doubts on this one, written supposedly when Griffith moved back to La Grange, Ky., in the 1930s. Although several of the pages are OK'd in Griffith's own handwriting, much of the wording sounds more like Hart than Griffith. Many wonderful, rare photographs.

Haskell, Molly. *From Reverence to Rape: The Treatment of Women in the Movies*. New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1974. Particularly of interest for the discussion of Griffith's attitudes toward

women as seen through his characters.
Henderson, Robert M. *D.W. Griffith: The Years at Biograph.* New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1970. Meticulous study of Griffith's early work, supplemented by annotated list of films and papers from the Griffith archive at the Museum of Modern Art.
Henderson, Robert M. *D.W. Griffith: His Life and Work*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1972. Everything you'd ever want to know (and lots you wouldn't) about D.W.G. Includes valuable filmography.
Lindsay, Vachel. *The Art of the Moving Picture*. New York: Macmillan, 1915. Later edition, Liveright, 1970. Written by one of America's foremost poets and one of the first film critics, this was a major volume in its time and is still of significance. Contains much material on Griffith, including an essay on **The Birth**.
Loos, Anita. *A Girl Like I*. New York: The Viking Press, 1966. Anecdote after anecdote about Griffith, his studio and his stars, from one of the era's most talented screenwriters. Contains considerably more Griffith material than Miss Loos' new book, *Kiss Hollywood Good-Bye*.
Macgowan, Kenneth. *Behind the Screen: The History and Techniques of the Motion Picture*. New York: Delacorte Press, 1965. Several chapters on Griffith and many reproductions of early posters, etc. Good primary information on the early era, but often inaccurate.
O'Dell, Paul. *Griffith and the Rise of Hollywood*. New York: A.S. Barnes Co., 1970. Play-by-play plot synopses make this volume helpful in understanding **The Birth**, **Intolerance** and several other of Griffith's feature films.
Pratt, George C. *Spellbound in Darkness*. Rochester, New York: The University of Rochester School of Liberal and Applied Studies, 1966. Valuable for its excerpts of reviews and commentaries which appeared in newspapers and magazines during the silent film days.
Robinson, David. *Hollywood in the Twenties*. New York: A. S. Barnes, 1968. A useful account of the era, with a good short survey of Griffith's later work.
Silva, Fred. *Focus On:* ***The Birth of a Nation***. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1971. Contains essays, reviews and commentaries about the controversial movie by such notables as D.W. Griffith, Lewis Jacobs, Andrew Sarris and Thomas Dixon. Essential for anyone who wants to study the movie in depth.
Slide, Anthony. *Early American Cinema*. New York: A.S. Barnes, 1970. Aside from the material on Griffith at the Biograph, it gives a good idea of what else was going on in the cinema at the time.
Vardac, A. Nicolas. *Stage to Screen: Theatrical Method from Garrick to Griffith*. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1949. Later edition, Benjamin Blom, 1968. Well-researched study of the American melodrama theater which spawned Griffith and others. Several chapters deal with how Griffith's techniques compare with methods of the theater.
Wagenknecht, Edward. *The Movies in the Age of Innocence*. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1962. Good background material on the silent film days, with one chapter dealing solely with Griffith, including a personal remembrance. Lillian Gish calls this "the best book on films I have ever read," for what that's worth.
Walsh, Raoul. *Each Man in His Time*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1974. Hollywood's saltiest director recalls his career, including his work with Griffith as an actor and an assistant director. Great fun.

Alanna Nash

I WAS BRUCE LEE'S VOICE

I have this feeling that — several years ago, and in a land on the far side of the planet — I committed some acts that will haunt me forever, coming back at me over the years again and again, when and where I least expect them.

They were things done in dark rooms, with microphones and red lights — the screams of the dying, the cheers for the victor. They were things that would later gain me a most singular sort of... um, notoriety.

The other day, for instance, a man in Toronto phoned me at my kid brother's Vancouver bungalow in the middle of a weekend party and reminded me of my own, personal, tiny little slice of reflected superstardom..

"I understand," he said, "that you used to be the voice of Bruce Lee..."

BY JACK MOORE

Jack Moore is 32 years old and has spent the last 15 of them in the newspaper business, both in his native Vancouver and in Hong Kong, where for five years he was the movie critic for The South China Morning Post, *host of a television show called* Take One *and member of the town's only decent dubbing crew on more than 100 Chinese feature films. He couldn't actually make a motion picture if his life depended on it.*

In early 1968, the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong was just digging out from under a bad year — a year of bombs and riots and blood in the streets. That was the time I chose to arrive there, with 25 Canadian bucks in my pocket, determined to take the first job that came along. Which, it turned out, was as the movie critic for the weekend edition of the *South China Morning Post*.

Hong Kong is the film-craziest town in the world. More people see more movies per year in that cramped metropolis than anywhere else on earth, and the local Mandarin film industry is treated like an Oriental copy of Hollywood in the 1920s.

Gossip about the stars is always front-page news in the afternoon tabloids, and every raggedy kid in the street knows all the moves from the latest kung-fu flick. The Mandarin movies are big business and so, on a more limited scale, is the business of dubbing these epics into English.

I got into the racket a few months after arriving, when I heard that someone was looking for "a European with an American-type accent" and was willing to try out a Canadian neophyte.

At that stage, the English-dubbed movies were for export only to the Philippines, where the audience couldn't understand dialogue in Mandarin, and where many of them were also unable to read either the English or Chinese sub-titles. The thought of exporting Chinese movies to the west was, back in 1968, unthinkable.

Most of the movies we dubbed were total trash; basic morality plays, awash in fake blood (imported in 45-gallon drums from Japan), and blown up to 35mm after being shot in 16mm to save money. There were holes in the scenery, patches on the costumes and big, ragged gaps in the script. We were all certain they would have been laughed out of any theatre that wasn't either in Asia or some overseas Chinatown.

But the locals loved them, the Filipinos at least paid to see them and every weekend, somewhere between three and a dozen "Europeans" would spend their hours in one red-lit, roach-infested loft or another, yowling like demented animals and doing their blue-ribbon best to sound like a bunch of hooligan Han Dynasty swordfighters.

(The sword movies came first, you see, before the Great Flood of bare-knuckle kung-fu epics.)

Most of the slash movies had plots stolen directly from old westerns, with a change of locale, historical era and weapons. The shadow of Randolph Scott loomed darkly over every movie house in Asia in those days, and once I even saw a perfect, line-for-line ancient Chinese re-make of **Vera Cruz**. They were the kind of plots the Chinese like — simple, straightforward and containing both an easily recognizable hero and a thoroughly detestable villain.

And the death rate was nothing short of catastrophic. At least 20 extras (and sometimes more than 100) would die in each of these films, and nobody ever did it quietly. Each demise was accompanied by a spine-freezing scream, and we used to save all the death scenes till the end of the dubbing session, lest the dubbers blow their voices too early in the game. (Dubbing is worse for your throat than anything this side of professional ice hockey.)

There was a secretive air about the whole thing, too, that made it seem a suitably sinful way to spend a weekend on the fabled China Coast. (Even though the only actual sins involved were that most of the dubbers were Hong Kong government employees who might have been reprimanded for moonlighting, and that nobody ever seemed to remember making any money off the dubbing business around income tax time.)

No matter what studio we worked, the system was the same — an extremely crude arrangement that called for the dubbers in each scene to cluster around one microphone, each wearing one tinny earphone through which poured a stream of cacophonous Mandarin, and wrestle with an English script until it fitted the flapping Oriental face on the screen. One of the crew (who had dubbed in Paris) kept telling us what Stone-Age conditions we were working under, but the rest of us had never seen any better, and so we coped with what we had.

And we got very, very good at it. Spending every weekend in a dark studio with the same half-dozen people tends to make you part of a very effective and professional unit. Because the films were shot soundless and the Mandarin track dubbed in later, we even had some scenes where the English dubbing was far better than the original Chinese.

It was an incredible load of hard work, but it was also, perhaps perversely, a lot of fun. One of the regular half-dozen once said that dubbing provided him with immediate rewards. You see a two-minute loop of film, run through it silent, mess with the script until it fits, act out your part, and a couple of minutes later the character on the screen is speaking with your voice. Shazam — instant artistic satisfaction!

And they weren't all swordplay movies, either. Just about the time you began to think that one more eastern-western would damage your psyche permanently, the dubbing company would throw you a change-up. We did a Korean air force movie once (about ROK Fighter Pilots and the Women Who Loved Them), that was a total picnic because in every other scene, the characters were flying Sabre jets and wearing oxygen masks (thus obviating the need for lip-synch).

We even did a Danish comedy once, not to mention an excruciating Japanese epic entitled **Superboy Subdues Seven Monsters**, details of which are too lurid for public print.

But mostly (until Bruce Lee came along, anyway) the weekend fare was swordplay, and the Dubber of the Day

award went to the crew member who could best mimic the famous, patented Shaw Brothers death scream (the one that goes: oooooOO-WAH-YAAAAGH!).

Lee hit the Asian movie business like a hail of incoming artillery. He was fresh in from America, and back in the town where he grew up.

And this made him a man with a unique head space — a man who was both hip to the Hollywood style of making movies and aware of what the Asian market really wanted to see.

At that time, his Stateside credits included a bit part in a Jim Garner private dick flick called **Marlowe** (in which he played a heavy named Winslow Wong), and a fair amount of TV stuff (like two or three episodes of *Longstreet* and a season as Kato on the ill-fated *Green Hornet* series).

He told us he was awaiting word from Warner Brothers on whether he would get the starring role in a proposed TV series called *Kung Fu*, which had been pilot-scripted with him in mind.

And, in the meantime, he said, he had accepted an offer from Raymond Chow of Golden Harvest Studios (and a mighty attractive one, too, by Asian standards) to bash off a quick movie in his old home town, with some overseas shooting in Thailand. There were no plans, at the time, to release **The Big Boss** anywhere except Asia.

By the time he heard from Warner Brothers that David Carradine had been given the *Kung Fu* role (presumably because America wasn't ready for an Oriental hero), it was less of a let-down than it might have been.

Because by that time, **The Big Boss** had out-grossed every other movie in Asian history, Lee was on the cover of every magazine on the continent, and every rag-ass kid in every rag-ass city in Asia had a new hero.

From then on, Lee was a movie-making machine. He ran six miles at dawn each day, and never left the studio before midnight. He had tapped onto a gold mine, and he knew it.

By the time we got to dubbing Bruce's movies (about a year after the first one was released), he was already making his third, which we knew as **Way of the Dragon**, but which has been released as **Return of the Dragon** in other parts of the world.

It was Bruce who made the Hong Kong dubbing scene international in scope. He and Ray Chow had decided that the rest of the world was ready for Chinese movies, and the other studios had followed suit.

The dubbing business had never been busier, and the work had never been that exacting. This, after all, wasn't for the entertainment of a few Filipino illiterates out in a jungle somewhere — this was the Big Time!

Bruce was into the dubbing just as heavy as he was into everything else, but he never dubbed his own voice. He was unable to do it in Mandarin (being a native-born Hong Kong Cantonese-speaker), and reluctant to do it in English because of the time it would take from whatever movie he was making at the time. Still, he was there about half the time, playing secondary characters.

Except, that is, in the case of his fighting scenes. Nobody could ever do those incredible, animal fighting screams except Bruce himself.

A Radio Hong Kong announcer (whose name I cannot reveal to this day) was Bruce in **The Big Boss** (known in the West as **Fists of Fury)** and one of his colleagues took the lead in **Fist of Fury** (known in the West as **The Chinese Connection).**

I got the third one, because my voice was already rather well-known as the hero's voice. (I had about a dozen movies where I did David Chiang, Lee's runner-up in the Asian super-hero stakes.) It was a film featuring location stuff in Rome, because of a deal Bruce had worked out with Alitalia.

We dubbed it in a gigantic old barn of a place with bad echoes, located at the old Cathay Studios, amid the rolling brown hills of Hong Kong's New Territories. It took three very long weekends, and the confusion of the new studio was compounded by the fact that we were still dubbing Bruce's second film, at the same time. Nobody knew where anybody was or what we'd see on the screen when the next loop came up.

The disorganization was awesome. Every time a loop went well, there was a cheer from the ragged crew on the dubbing bench. But for every one that went through, there were a dozen retakes.

The place resounded like a Quonset hut, the equipment broke down with depressing frequency, and the only happy person in the place was Bruce, who kept wandering around between loops and inviting people to hit him in the stomach as hard as they could. (None of us ever took him up on it.)

In the midst of total despair, Bruce was a ray of sunshine. Because whatever else Bruce Lee was, he was an incredibly intelligent and funny man.

For me, the high point of the weekend came during one of its darkest hours, when nothing was going right. There was a loop on the screen featuring a very talented Chinese comedian named Paul Wei, Bruce Lee, and a seven-foot basketball player whose name had recently changed from Lew Alcindor to Kareem Abdul Jabbar.

Sitting on the dubbing bench as the loop came up were the aforementioned Paul Wei, the aforementioned Bruce Lee, and me.

The loop was totally confusing. None of us could find the script that went with it and nobody was even sure who was playing who. The dialogue went like this:

ME: Hey, Bruce, are you Paul?

LEE: Nope, Paul's Paul.

ME: Well there's no fighting in this scene, so I'm you, true?

LEE: Right on.

ME: Well then, who are you?

There was a short pause until a full-face of Jabbar's exceedingly dark countenance appeared on the screen, and then Bruce said, in perfect lip-synch with the screen:

"Ah reckons ah'll be dis rangy collahd fella. Dis bein' a Chahnaman is gittin' me down."

And we blew the next five loops, just because we couldn't stop laughing.

The Monstrous World of Ray Harryhausen

"And lo! Look! They come alive."

By Joel Uman

Ray Harryhausen! A magic name to those who know of the wonders he has wrought. Creator of cyclops and pterodactyl, dragon and god. But just who is this man and what does he do?

When you see Raquel Welch carried away in the monstrous claws of a winged prehistoric reptile, or James Franciscus lassoing an angry allosaurus, you are seeing the genius of Ray Harryhausen. His field is three-dimensional animation, (often inaccurately described as stop motion photography), and he is the most famous of a handful of people in the whole world who devote themselves to this unique art.

Born in Los Angeles, Ray began building miniature dioramas of prehistoric life while still in high school, and he was so moved the first time he saw King Kong that he realized what he really wanted to do was to build and animate models such as those he had just seen in Kong. It was, in fact, a perfect way of bringing his static dioramas to life. (Eventually *Famous Monsters* magazine would hail him as the Man Who Saw Kong 90 Times.)

Ray started his miniature work in his family garage, and eventually met and was encouraged in his endeavours by Willis O'Brien. O'Brien was the animator and special effects technician who was responsible for King Kong and the earlier silent film, The Lost World, in which he had pioneered these animation and modelmaking techniques. Harryhausen went on to work on George Pal's famous Puppetoons, and in 1946 Ray started work on a series of 16mm fairy tales using his unique talents in modelmaking and three-dimensional animation.

By this time Willis O'Brien was so impressed with the young Ray's work that he gave him his first work on a feature film. The picture was O'Brien's Mighty Joe Young, which in many ways was simply a retelling of the Kong story. Although Ray was listed as First Technician under Willis O'Brien on the credits, he was in fact responsible for some eighty percent of the animation. As Harryhausen explained in an interview, O'Brien "was so busy synchronizing all the various bits that make up a motion picture of this type that he had very little time to do animation, and I had the great pleasure of... seeing through a lot of his thoughts."

After producing two more filmed fairy tales, Ray embarked upon the first feature for which he was solely responsible for the animation, The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms. Based on *The Foghorn*, a short story by Harryhausen's boyhood friend Ray Bradbury, Beast would be followed by twelve more Harryhausen features, the latest being the recently-released Golden Voyage of Sinbad. The sense of awe and wonder inspired by the best sequences from Harryhausen films is best described by a quote from another Bradbury story, *Tyrannosaurus Rex*, which is about a Harryhausen-like animator.

> "My beauties... my little lovelies. All liquid latex, rubber sponge, ball-socketed steel articulature... No bigger than my fist, half of them; the rest no larger than this head they sprang from.
>
> "Step by step, frame by frame of film, stop motion by stop motion, he... had run his beasts through their postures, moved each a fraction of an inch, photographed them, moved them another hair, photographed them, for hours and days and months. Now these rare images... rushed through the projector.
>
> "And lo! he thought. I'll never get used to it. Look! They come *alive!"*
>
> copyright(c) 1962 by Curtis Publishing Co.

This quote also explains the basic techniques used in three dimensional animation: a model with ball and socket armatures as the skeleton of the creature, covered by a latex 'skin', which is positioned and repositioned for every frame of film exposed. But even Bradbury's description cannot but hint at the tedium involved in this painstakingly laborious process of bringing 18 inches of rubber and metal to life. King Kong took more than a year to animate.

The techniques used by Willis O'Brien to bring Kong to the screen consisted, for the most part, in positioning the miniature Kong between various large panes of glass on which the foreground, middleground, and background of the miniature set were painted. Three dimensional portions of the miniature set would be built whenever Kong needed to interact with a portion of the set. For example if Kong were to squash a car, a miniature of the car would of course be built. Techniques such as rear projection were normally used only to combine Kong with full size, live-action people. Similar to the multi-plane camera techniques used by the Disney studios in cartoon animation, this use of multiple panes of glass was not just to achieve a sense of depth as in the cartoons, but to prevent the various elements of the set from being accidentally moved during the long animation process. This accidental movement could cause various inanimate objects such as trees and rocks to appear to move or jiggle on the screen, as though they had a life of their own.

But as the cost of film production began to escalate over the years, this method of production became prohibitively expensive. Even in 1948, Mighty Joe Young had cost some two million dollars, and when Harryhausen began working on The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms in the early fifties, he realized that some less expensive process would have to be developed. He chose to go the route of using rear and front projection to supply almost all of the backgrounds for the animation sequences. Through the use of some ingenious matte techniques, Harryhausen was able to have a rubber and metal miniature of a dinosaur actually appear to walk on a rear-projected image of a New York street. This technique has since become the standard of the field, although occasionally travelling mattes are used instead of front and rear projection.

Then Harryhausen met Charles Schneer, who was to produce most of Ray's pictures over the next twenty years. After three films for Schneer and some more animation work with Willis O'Brien in Warner Brothers' The Animal World, Harryhausen and Schneer embarked on their first color film, The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad. This was to be a major change in policy, a change which Ray had resisted for a long time. For not only does a color film cost more to produce, but in the case of special effects involving animation, rear-projection, and matte work, it is incredibly more complicated. At that time color stocks were not as stable and not of as high quality as modern color film. If Harryhausen ended his day's animation work in the middle of a shot and the film was left in the camera overnight, a color shift could occur rendering the scene unusable. It is very difficult to match the color and grain structure of the foreground action with that of the rear-projected background. In black and white there had been a special fine grain, low contrast film stock to be used just for rear projection work, but in color no such stock existed. In addition, high quality travelling mattes are very difficult to achieve in color, which is the reason why, for 2001: A Space Odyssey, Stanley Kubrick chose the tedious and exhorbitantly expensive alternative of having hand-drawn mattes made for each frame of film in which he wanted to matte a miniature spacecraft over a starfield background.

The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad (not to be confused with Ray's most recent film The Golden Voyage of Sinbad), despite certain technical problems, contains excellent animation. It was to be the proving ground for what Harryhausen and many of his admirers consider Ray's greatest accomplishment, Jason and the Argonauts. (Some people prefer Seventh Voyage, while I have always had a special attachment to Mysterious Island. This latter film, coming after Seventh Voyage but before Jason, had somewhat better direction of the live action sequences courtesy of Cy Endfield and some very unusual 'monsters'.)

The high technical quality of Jason is due to a large extent to its three-million-dollar budget, far exceeding that of any other Harryhausen film. Jason contains one of the most exciting scenes ever filmed, and perhaps the most difficult Ray has ever animated. In Ivan Butler's book *The Making of Feature Films — A Guide*, Harryhausen described the scene.

"In Jason and the Argonauts there is a scene where the hero does battle with seven skeletons. All seven had to be synchronized separately with the live hero. He was photographed first, acting as if he was a sevenfold shadow boxer. Everyone on the set had to imagine what was happening. Then the separate pieces were assembled together. This short sequence, lasting only a very few minutes, took nearly five months to complete."

The sense of wonder and excitement generated by this scene is hard to describe in print. Suffice to say that this awe-inspiring quality is at the very core of the greatest of Harryhausen's animated sequences in this and his other films. Unfortunately the non-animated sequences are generally flat and banal.

Here lies the weakness of Ray Harryhausen's work. Tom Reamy, writing in *Famous Monsters* magazine, stated

Ray Harryhausen Filmography

Mighty Joe Young (1949)
The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms (1953)
The Animal World (1955)
It Came From Beneath the Sea (1955)*
Earth vs the Flying Saucers (1956)*
20 Million Miles to Earth (1957)*
The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad (1958)*
The Three Worlds of Gulliver (1960)*
Mysterious Island (1961)*
Jason and the Argonauts (1963)*
First Men In The Moon (1964)*
One Million Years B.C. (1967)
The Valley of Gwangi (1969)*
The Golden Voyage of Sinbad (1974)*
*indicates film produced by Charles H. Schneer

that "what Harryhausen needs is a director who can make the live action scenes of his movies as exciting and fascinating as his effects scenes." He might have added that a producer with a little more taste than Charles Schneer wouldn't have hurt one bit. Besides his association with Harryhausen, Schneer is probably most famous (or infamous) as the producer of I Aim at the Stars, a clever bit of propaganda which tried to make an American hero out of the rocket expert Werner Von Braun. It was a project that a number of other producers had the decency to refuse, and the resulting movie explains to the audience, as one critic put it, why the Nazis the United States grabbed are better than the Nazis the Russians grabbed.

The Schneer/Harryhausen films are all aimed at the children's market, and I guess they succeed in that respect because they *are* pretty juvenile. Apparently children are considered the largest audience for fantasy films, even though the British censors, for example, usually restrict admittance to these films to those 16 and over. On top of that most of the films are so saccharine and phoney that few kids can stomach them. The Valley of Gwangi, animation apart, is enough to make any healthy kid throw up. The films are also usually set in the distant past because, claims producer Schneer, the movies take so long to produce that "I was always afraid that by the time we started and Ray finished the picture, hemlines would change and hairdos would change and everything else would change." Which only adds to the stilted nature of the films.

With this kind of thinking behind Ray's projects, and with the erratic quality of some of his most recent animation, it may very well be that Seventh Voyage, Mysterious Island, and Jason will remain Harryhausen's greatest films. At the same time there are at least two animators who seem willing and able to take over the leadership of the field, Jim Danforth and David Allen. They both worked on Hammer Films' sort-of sequel to One Million Years B.C., When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth, which contains some extremely fine animation.

As for The Golden Voyage of Sinbad, the very fact that Harryhausen and Schneer are using a repetitious title along with a rather silly plot suggests a serious lack of imagination and creativeness on the part of writer and producer. It's unfortunate, because I like the work of Ray Harryhausen very much, and I don't enjoy seeing his reputation whittled down with each new film. Surely a man who spends up to five years of painstaking work on a film deserves a better script and a more creative producer than this man is getting. What we need is a Stanley Kubrick/Ray Harryhausen coproduction!

The Golden Voyage of Sinbad

The castrating mother

A new film involving the talents of Ray Harryhausen is a reminder that the illusion of motion is the basis of the art of film. The fluidity of Harryhausen's animated models is matchless, and The Golden Voyage of Sinbad ranks with his best work (The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad, Jason and the Argonauts, and Mysterious Island), but his technical virtuosity overshadows the other merits of the film.

Even the best fantasy films are subject to criticism because of stylized acting, hackneyed characters, trite dialogue, and a seemingly juvenile orientation. The Golden Voyage of Sinbad is no exception: the film has a dashing, blue-eyed, chin-jutting hero; a beautiful, vulnerable, doe-eyed heroine; and straight-faced dialogue, such as "He who walks on fire will burn his feet," and "A live dog is better than a dead lion." Such dialogue is indeed indefensible, but critical under-estimation of fantasy films reveals a profound misunderstanding of the genre, which demands that the films be judged perceptually rather than cognitively.

The plot is a workmanlike vehicle: Sinbad comes to the aid of a Grand Vizier who has been deposed by the evil magician Koura. Sinbad and the Vizier each have one third of a nautical chart which shows the location of the Fountain of Destiny, where one can gain eternal youth, a shield of darkness, and a crown of eternal riches. The remaining third of the chart is on a faraway island, and the rest of the film deals with the conflict between Sinbad and Koura to obtain the missing one third of the chart and the benefits of the Fountain of Destiny.

The significance of the plot is that it contains all the elements of the generic hero myth:

> The hero myths... show striking similarities, from whatever culture they may come. The hero... receives the call to adventure, leaves home, faces dangers, slays a dragon or other monster, and is finally rewarded for his bravery by a throne and a beautiful bride. [This archetype] is familiar to most people from the myths and fairy stories which they read in childhood. It is not difficult to see that such myths express one set of fundamental psychological experiences common to all men. We all start life as helpless children. We all have to emancipate ourselves from parents and other adults and face life and its challenges independently. If we do not succeed in doing so, we will neither attain a position in the world (a throne) nor reach sufficient heterosexual maturity to win a mate (the beautiful princess)... Hero myths originating from different cultures are similar because our psychological progress through life is similar.*

Stan Gooch provides extensive explanation of archetypal fantasy figures in *Total Man*, his opus on personality. Suffice to say that The Golden Voyage of Sinbad contains a host of such figures. That Sinbad represents the hero, that Koura represents the evil magician, and the Vizier the wise king require little elucidation, but the other figures need some analysis.

Margiane the slave girl represents the princess or virgin archetype — though she is not the former, and may not be the latter — the symbol of heterosexual attainment in the eyes of the hero. Her omnipresent cleavage suggests that she is a latent good mother figure, a more mature version of the virgin archetype. (The relationship between the virgin and the good mother can be seen in the veneration of the Virgin Mary, who represents virginity and motherhood simultaneously. Even the old chestnut, "I want a girl just like the girl who married dear old dad" implies a link between the virgin and the good mother.)

The opposite number of the virgin / good mother is the seductress / bad mother, represented by the Siren figurehead who attempts to thwart Sinbad's voyage by stealing his charts, and the six-armed goddess. In Greek mythology, the Sirens used their seductive singing to lure sailors to their death. Sinbad's Siren is equally hard-hearted — literally: she does not even flinch upon receiving an axe in the breast. More recent equivalents include the vamp and the femme fatale; in short, any deceptive female who prevents the male from achieving his ends (unlike the virgin, who represents those ends).

Since a mother's arms can shelter an infant as well as prevent him from making his own way in the world, the six-armed goddess could be regarded as an ambivalent figure — until she arms herself with six swords. Little psychoanalytic acumen is required to discern that Sinbad's duel with her represents a symbolic battle between the castrating mother and the son seeking independence.

The film is also rich in male archetypes. Sinbad, of course, is the hero, a man of strength, courage, and intelligence, the descendant of Siegfried and Ulysses. The Grand Vizier represents the wise king/good father archetype, a more mature version of the hero. His antagonist is Koura, the evil magician, a legendary figure frequently linked with the devil, perhaps the most familiar evil male archetype. Koura is a man of knowledge, but not of warmth, the essence of the schizoid intellectual, whose life is one of absorption in abstraction, and alienation from his fellow men. Whenever Koura casts a spell, he ages; that is, the more self-absorbed he grows, the less life he has in him. The schism between body and mind is manifested in Koura's homunculus, an extension of Koura's mind distinct from his body. When Koura reaches the Fountain of Destiny, his youth returns, but his body becomes invisible for the final duel with Sinbad. At this point, the body is completely denied and the mind is released from its bodily prison.

Near the end of the film, a griffin and a centaur tangle in a ferocious battle, and we are told that their conflict represents the eternal struggle between good and evil. The griffin, a combination of a lion and an eagle (notable for their courage and noble demeanors), is related to the hero/wise king archetype, and the centaur, with the body of a horse (a symbol of virility) and the muscular torso (not to mention weaponry and adornment) of a primitive man, represents the base, brutal side of man — particularly when he bears away a limp Margiane to his lair.

All of this is not to suggest that Harryhausen, director Gordon Hessler, or screenwriter Brian Clemens consciously invested their creations with such significance — far from it. That such richly symbolic figures could arise unintentionally proves that Jung's collective unconscious is the dominant impetus of human fantasy:

> Great art till now has always derived its fruitfulness from the myth, from the unconscious process of symbolization which continues through the ages and which, as the primordial manifestation of the human spirit, will continue to be the root of all creation in the future.*

Perhaps the phrase likening Hollywood to a "dream factory" is more accurate than whoever coined it could have imagined. The worldwide popularity of genre cinema could not exist without the collective unconscious. Critics who find fault with the stereotyped characters and situations of fantasy films are misguided: characterization is anathema to generic fantasy figures because it would particularize them too much — would make them too much like human beings and not enough like projections of human fantasy. Those who would link humanism with realism should know better; reality does not depend upon humanity for its existence, but fantasy could not exist without humanity.

Frank Jackson

*Anthony Storr, *C.G. Jung* (New York, 1973). pp. 30-31.

*C.G. Jung, *The Undiscovered Self* (Boston, 1958), p. 110.

*"**Sheila Levine** is **The Graduate** in drag."*

Sidney Furie's

SHEILA LEVINE IS DEAD AND LIVING IN NEW YORK

Sheila Levine Is Dead, All Right!

Sheila Levine is Dead and Living in New York is one of those "My God, what have they done to the book!" movies, except that in this case, "they" is the same person who wrote the book — Gail Parent, co-author of the screenplay, along with Kenny Solms, her long-time comedy-writing partner. Surely Kenny doesn't deserve all the blame.

This movie is based on the book the way Woody Allen's movie was based on *Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Sex*. The difference is that Woody Allen turned trash into humor, while the movie version of **Sheila** turns humor into trash.

What makes this trash worth writing about? Well, the moment that Jeannie Berlin waltzed onto the screen, lovable gawky gamin that she is, with her unkempt hair and unplucked eyebrows and unjobbed nose, looking as though she thought she was on television testing a new kind of mop, I said to myself, aha! this is it, at last they're here, that genre I've been waiting to christen — chicksploitation films. A chicksploitation film is not the same as a woman's picture. **Back Street** is a woman's picture. **Sheila** and, I suspect, **Alice Doesn't Live Here Any More** and **The Stepford Wives**, are chicksploitation films. **Sheila** is the worst and therefore the most transparent — they sent the plot to Morocco for a sex change and the adhesive tape still shows.

Sheila Levine is **The Graduate** in drag. It could have been directed by a duplicating machine. Remember the moment where Benjamin tells his mother he's going to get married, and the punchline is that the girl doesn't know yet? Jeannie Berlin, who looks like a flawed Dustin Hoffman, does a perfect retake of the scene. Without blushing. I kept waiting for Simon and Garfunkel to come up on the soundtrack. At least Sid Furie, the director, didn't tell her to make those involuntary little squeaky noises that everybody thought were so cute when Dustin did it.

Where **Sheila** isn't **The Graduate**, it's **Barefoot in the Park**. Just once I would like to see a movie where a single girl in New York lives in the kind of apartment that single girls in New York live in. Sheila's apartment looked like the Before in one of those *New York Sunday Times Magazine* articles about how two architects took $15,000 and transformed their dingy old $30,000 co-op into a wildlife sanctuary for Eames chairs. Just once I would like to see a movie with a lesbian in it where the lesbian didn't make a pass at every woman in the room. Just once I would like to see a movie about Jews that didn't have a Jewish wedding in it. Just once I...forget it. What this movie really needed was Rhoda's mother. It had everything else that *Rhoda* has, even a skyscraper zoom shot that made me blink twice to make sure Rhoda or Mary or somebody wasn't throwing her hat in the air at the base of one of the buildings.

It's the old "separate but equal" gag again, which dooms all oppressed minorities — or, in this case, majorities — to repeat the mistakes of their oppressors. If *they* have bad television shows about cops, *we* can have bad television shows about black cops, or women cops, or gay cops. Movies about male losers were very popular for a while back there in the Sixties, so it's a sign of progress, isn't it, if in the Seventies they can make movies about female losers. Isn't it? Well, isn't it?

But this is popular entertainment, so the loser has to win in the end. Sheila wins by getting engaged to her dreamboat, an aging young intern played with considerable embarrassment by Roy Scheider, who thinks that abortion is wrong because "what if Einstein's mother had had one?" As Mike Nichols himself had sense enough to realize about **The Graduate**, the real story is what happens after the fade-out. The story of Sheila, married to her doctor, with the babies and the charge plates and the summer place and the Jap station wagon and "group" and the Caribbean vacation and the spice chart in the kitchen, **Sheila Levine is Dead and Living in Westchester**, that's the movie I would like to see.

Anne Beatts

Anne Beatts, whose poetry we published in our Vol. 1 No. 10, is a former Montrealer and Contributing Editor of the National Lampoon. *She is now a New York-based freelance writer currently at work on a collection of humour by women, called* Titters.

Martin Scorsese's

ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE

Roughening-up a "woman's picture"

Martin Scorsese's last film, **Mean Streets**, was so highly praised (in some quarters) and so poorly attended (almost everywhere) that it's already on the way towards achieving a kind of legendary lost-classic status. Critics loved the intentionally overripe texture and emotional hyperbole, but audiences felt oppressed, imprisoned, battered. The excesses of Scorsese's style — the cruel repetitions, the verbal (but not psychological) incoherence, the claustrophobia of the street, bar, and bedroom nightworld — were more than many people could handle. Warners' incomprehensible ad campaign (the picture appeared to be a late 40s/early 50s Richard Conte melodrama) and half-hearted distribution never allowed **Mean Streets** to find its proper audience, and the movie died.

Those who feared Scorsese might give in to industry pressures had nothing to worry about. **Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore** is a lesser film than **Mean Streets**, an engaging, inconsistent movie with some stunning scenes and some others that don't work at all, but the director's feverish personality and style are unmistakeable. They transform what might have been a feeble exercise in liberal conscientiousness (the film was produced by David Susskind) into a fitfully exciting (and perhaps controversial) movie.

At first glance, **Alice** would seem to be an entirely new direction. Set in the unfamiliar territory of the Southwest, it's a feminist-era, new-style "woman's picture" and star vehicle (Ellen Burstyn) about a thirty-five-year-old woman's search for a new life — on the road, singing, waiting on table, taking care of her twelve-year-old son — after her husband dies in an accident. Indeed, the picture begins disastrously, and it seems that Scorsese may have lost his way. A rather meaningless prologue sends up the flaming-sunset-and-plastic-wood style of "farm" settings in late 30s/early 40s musicals (i.e. **The Wizard of Oz**); Alice as a young girl, walking home on an intentionally phony dirt path, dreams of singing better than Alice Faye, and we wonder what is being ridiculed: a girl's dreams? The unreality of old movie musicals? Everything in Scorsese's style tells us that life is chaotic, difficult, "real," so the latter is hardly necessary. A quick cut to Alice's uneasy domestic life in Socorro, New Mexico, twenty-five years later, and the feeling of discomfort and lack of focus persists. Husband (Billy Green Bush) is surly and unresponsive, son (Alfred Lutter) annoyingly infantile, and Alice thoroughly fed up, but the camera style is so zany and hyperactive (every shot is either a pan, a dolly, or a track) that we never get much of a fix on the relationships. The sequence appears to have been cut to the bone, and its intentions aren't always clear: when Alice mimics her husband's voice at the dinner table, we don't know what she's reacting against because we've barely heard him say a word.

Finally, husband dead, and mother and son launched on the road to Arizona, Scorsese's assurance returns and the picture takes hold. Still, it's odd material for him. What does he bring to it? Ellen Burstyn, who was determined to make the Robert Getchell screenplay (owned by David Susskind), reportedly requested Scorsese after seeing **Mean Streets** because she knew he would "roughen" the material. As it turns out, one of the fascinations of **Alice** is the conflict between material that is very much in the Susskind mold of liberal, up-beat family drama and Scorsese's frenetic, life-is-a-battle sensibility; in other words, between "dignity" and one possible kind of authenticity.

What did Burstyn mean by "roughness"? First of all, Scorsese's characterization. His people all seem to burn on a very short fuse; at any moment they might start screaming and cursing, throw themselves around the room, clobber someone, smash furniture. The instant rages, the explosive obscenity and charged-up, semi-improvised dialogue give the films their moments of grandeur and hilarity. Some of us get high on the style; for many others, it's like walking through a minefield. However, I think those who complained of the repetitiveness of the violence in **Mean Streets** will agree Scorsese has it under control in **Alice**.

One scene seems clearly to represent his feeling of how close, how omnipresent, violence is: as Alice and her son sleep one night in their motel room the sounds of a terrible fight come through the wall. The moment is frightening and oddly mysterious in its combination of violence and safety. Who hasn't held on to someone at 4 a.m., wondered at the sounds in the next room or the street, and felt the precariousness of the moment's shelter and peace? Soon enough, in **Alice**, the intrusion comes. An attractive woman traveling without a man is considered fair game by men of all sorts — this we know, and it could easily become a feminist commonplace. In the person of Harvey Keitel (the star of **Mean Streets** and **Who's That Knocking at My Door**), playing Ben, the man who "puts powder in bullet cases," the male threat is both hateful and scarily convincing. A grinning, idiotically self-assured young westerner with cowboy hat, string tie, and scorpion pendant, Ben can't take no for an answer, and Alice, weary of resisting, starts an affair. When his wife comes to protest, Ben arrives, too, and humiliates her in front of Alice, kicking her out the door and then wrecking Alice's room. Keitel's rage and cruelty here is extremely shocking: the silly young man has become a tyrant only because he knows he can get away with it. Scorsese directs (and Marcia Lucas cuts) the scene so we identify with Alice, sensing her humiliation at the sordidness of the affair, her outrage that the man can act this way and still imagine that he means something to her. The id-

Sheila Levine is Dead and Living in New York
A Paramount Pictures release. Director: Sidney J. Furie. Producer: Harry Korshak. Screenplay: Kenny Solms and Gail Parent (based on Parent's novel). Music: Michel Legrand. Photography: Donald M. Morgan. Editor: Argyle Nelson. Cast: Jeannie Berlin, Roy Scheider, Rebecca Dianna Smith, Janet Brandt, Sid Melton, Charles Woolf. Technicolor. Panavision. 112 mins.

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore
A Warner Bros. release of a David Susskind-Audrey Maas production. Director: Martin Scorsese. Associate Producer: Sandra Weintraub. Screenplay: Robert Getchell. Photography: Kent L. Wakeford. Production Executive: Larry Cohen. Production Designer: Toby Carr Rafelson. Film Editor: Marcia Lucas. Cast: Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, Billy Green Bush, Diane Ladd, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Vic Tayback, Jodie Foster, Harvey Keitel, Valerie Curtin, Murray Moston, Harry Northup, Alfred Lutter. Technicolor. 111 mins.

Earthquake
A Universal release. Producer and Director: Mark Robson. Executive Producer: Jennings Lang. Screenplay: George Fox and Mario Puzo. Photography: Philip Lathrop. Editor: Dorothy Spencer. Production Design: Alexander Golitzen. Art Director: E. Preston Ames. Special Photographic Effects: Albert Whitlock. Special Effects: Frank Brendel. Cast: Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner, George Kennedy, Lorne Greene, Geneviève Bujold, Richard Roundtree, Marjoe Gortner, Barry Sullivan Lloyd Nolan, Victoria Principal, Walter Matuschanskayasky, Monica Lewis. 129 mins.

A Woman Under the Influence
A Faces International Films production. Director and Screenplay: John Cassavetes. Executive Producer: Sam Shaw. Photography: Mitch Breit. Editors: Bob Heffernan and Tom Cornwell. Sound and Music: Bo Harwood. Art Director: Phedon Papamichael. Costumes: Carole Smith. Cast: Peter Falk, Gena Rowlands, Matthew Cassel, Matthew Laborteaux, Christina Grisanti, Katherine Cassavetes, Lady Rowlands, Fred Draper, Eddie Shaw. 155 mins.

The Middle of the World
An Action Films-Citel Films Production. Director: Alain Tanner. Screenplay: John Berger, Tanner. Photography: Renato Berta. Editor: Brigitte Sousselier. Cast: Olympia Carlisi, Philippe Léotard, Juliet Berto, Jacques Denis. Eastmancolor. 115 mins.

Caged Heat
A New World Pictures release of an Artists Entertainment Complex production. Director and Screenplay: Jonathan Demme. Producer: Evelyn Purcell. Executive Producer: Samuel Gellman. Photography: Tak Fujimoto. Editors: Johanna Demetrakis and Carolyn Hicks. Music: John Cale. Art Director: Eric Thiermann. Sound: Alex Vanderkar. Assistant Director: David Osterhout. Cast: Juanita Brown, Roberta Collins, Erica Gavin, Ella Reid, Rainbeaux Smith, Barbara Steele, Warren Miller, Lynda Gold, Mickey Fox, Tobi Carr Rafelson, Ann Stockdale, Irene Stokes, Cynthia Songey, Carmen Argenziano, John Aprea, Leslie Olis, Mike Shack, George Armitage, Patrick Wright. 83 mins.

> "One constant annoyance for everyone was the way you had to be careful about not touching anything metallic with your skin. Sometimes a finger, eyelid, or lip would touch metal and you'd be frozen to it and there was no way to get it off in one piece except by urinating on it. Not very fastidious, I guess, but it was about the only safe, fast way to get something warm on it. I mean, you can't hold a blowtorch to somebody's finger."
>
> — Director Philip Kaufman, on filming **The White Dawn**, in *Filmmakers Newsletter*

iocy of men's using their physical strength to terrorize women and women's growing contempt for it has never been captured so powerfully on screen. A smoother, more tasteful director would have hesitated at the kicks, the screaming, snarling infantilism; the scene works precisely because Scorsese is willing to take Ben's macho lunacy to its limits.

What else did Burstyn mean by "roughness"? Perhaps the way Scorsese works a set, exploring it, opening it up, charging through it until we know it like home. In **Mean Streets**, the neighborhood bar, with its rituals of friendship and rivalry, becomes a complete world, as vivid in its own way as Rick's cafe. Here it's the cheap, greasy diner in which Alice becomes a waitress. Scorsese has an instinctive comic feel for the noise and chaos of the workaday world (I'd love to seem him work in New York's garment district!). With dishes and obscenities flying back and forth, harrassed, collapsing waitresses and miserably unsatisfied customers, the scenes in the diner achieve a kind of hilarious, heightened "normality" just short of farce.

For the first time in his career, Scorsese is shrewd enough to play off against the riotous stuff with the kind of tenderness that wins an audience over. The friendship of Alice and the waitress Flo (Diane Ladd) is the best thing in the movie. (It's also the first real female friendship in movies in many years.) Diane Ladd, a blonde of a certain age with an infectious laugh and an Army sergeant's pleasure in obscenity, plays the slatternly, unromantic Flo with great panache; she's a worthy heir to Helen Broderick or Aline McMahon, the skeptical, tough-tender, never-met-the-right-man good broads of the 30s. For Flo, sex has been completely emptied of romance, and men are just silly slobs good for a laugh now and then; but Alice, younger, and still hoping, can't live alone, can't live without a man. Neither is satisfied with what she is, and yet together they seem to define the limited possibilities for a woman alone. Their friendship culminates in a potentially maudlin laughing/crying scene which is saved by the two actresses and Scorsese's perverse choice of a toilet as a location. Bad taste saves the day once again.

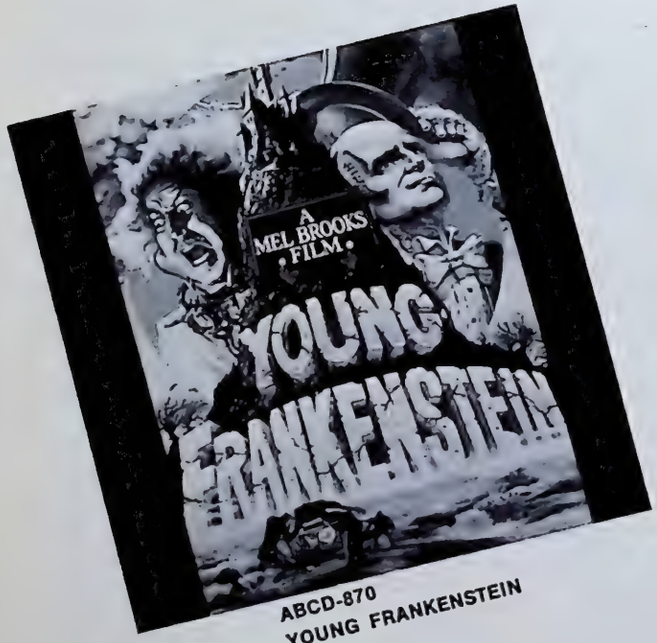
In other words, give Burstyn credit for sensing that Scorsese's intentional messiness and rather violent sincerity would bring to the feminist screenplay the conviction it lacked, the "roughness" breaking through the conventional, right-minded attitudes. Indeed, it's heartening to see Scorsese move out of the macho world of his previous films without turning his heroine into a martyr or ideologue. The ending, when Alice settles down with a new man (the extraordinarily attractive Kris Kristofferson, in another effortlessly self-assured performance), may not please some of the militants, but it's right for this woman and this movie.

Ellen Burstyn, in her largest role, is an eminently likeable actress of obvious talent and clear ambition. Her technical skills are impressive. When she dresses up like a fancy prostitute for her singing audition, there's a wonderful slump of depression in her back as she enters a cheap bar; and her amateur singing is exactly right: thin, bodiless, rather well-mannered and pleasant but basically lifeless — Julie London without the necessary vulgarity, the show-biz seductiveness. Yet despite her skills there's something annoyingly facile about Ellen Burstyn. She runs through her emotions too quickly, and none of them seem to stick. Her all-too-flexible face is strangely unmemorable. Along with Gena Rowlands, another actress who acts too many emotions, it's hard to recall what she looks like in-between her movies.

She isn't quite a major actress and certainly not an old-style star. In **The Last Picture Show, The Exorcist,** and **Alice,** she has played basically the same role: the lonely young mother, thirty-fivish, soured on men but still looking. Her performances have plenty of bite (and before Burstyn it was rare to see a movie mother curse or go to bed with a man) but not the kind of stylized temperament that would make us care about her when the

David Denby's film criticism has appeared in The Atlantic, Harper's, Sight and Sound, Film Quarterly, and other publications. He has edited four anthologies of criticism by members of the National Society of Film Critics. The most recent: Film 73/74 *(Jay Cocks, co-editor).*

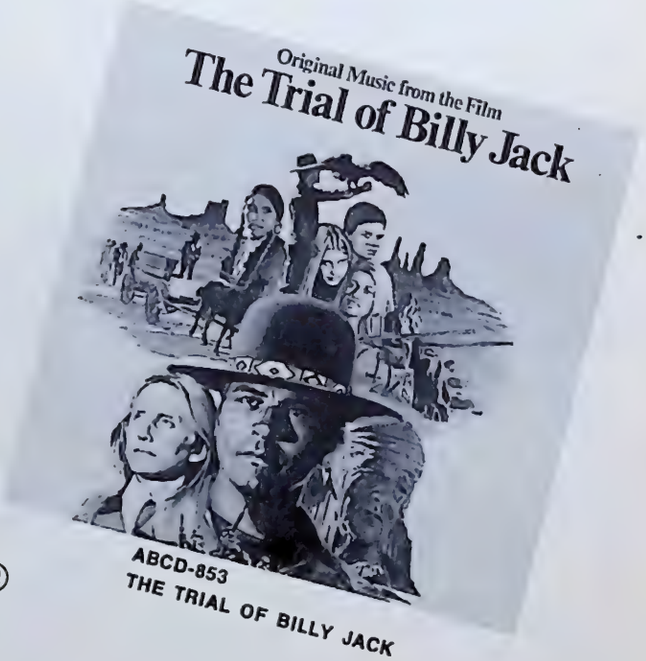
FILMS YOU CAN HEAR



ABCD-870
YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN

AS EASY AS

abc RECORDS®



ABCD-853
THE TRIAL OF BILLY JACK

movie was over. I suppose her up-front, no-shit manner works against her chances to be a star. She's reassuringly normal and human, when what we really want (no matter how much we praise normality and humanity) is myth, glamour, personality. In this respect, she may have lost out on her chances for stardom in **Alice** by choosing to work with Scorsese — a-de-mythicizing director if there ever was one. Her choice was courageous and intelligent, and she deserves honor for it.

David Denby

Mark Robson's

EARTHQUAKE

Shake, rattle and roll

Somewhere in Watts, motorcycle daredevil Miles Quade is just about to start his "giant flaming loop" stunt. Upstate, a nameless earthquake expert is placing instruments at the bottom of a ten-foot-deep trench. On the Hollywood dam, a caretaker is at the bottom of an elevator shaft investigating a mysterious leak. Charlton Heston is fighting with his wife on the top floor of a tall building in Hollywood. And at the Institute of Seismology, graduate assistant Walter Russell is trying to convince the Director of the Institute that, according to his calculations, there's going to be one *hell* of an earthquake just about anytime now.

"Yeah, but what do *you* know?" says the Director. "You're just a graduate assistant."

Can you guess what happens next?

Pretty soon the city is in flaming ruins. The dam is threatening to crack, inundating the LA basin with fluoridated water. The National Guard is all over the place. A giant hunk of masonry falls *right on top of the seismographs* at the Institute, causing them to stop working. The Four Horsemen ride again.

Every once in a while there's more earthquake. The earthquake is rendered with the assistance of a process called "Sensurround," which is a loud noise played through back-wall speakers. The loud noise has a 5 cps component that shakes the theater a little, but it doesn't feel much like an earthquake. I was in an earthquake once, and it felt more like a 2 cps vibe, which is lots scarier 'cause it's so *slow*. As far as scare gimmicks go, I prefer the kind where a skeleton slides out over the audience on a wire. Or Smellovision.

Earthquake is the silliest movie I've seen this year — except for **The Trial of Billy Jack**. I laughed my head off and had a swell time. A lot of critics didn't like it, but I don't think they were rooting for the earthquake.

Mike Goodwin

Mike Goodwin, Take One's Associate Editor, is a former film critic (and Contributing Editor) for Rolling Stone. *He has written for periodicals from* Creem *to* The New York Times, *has a book to his credit, and now reviews films for San Francisco's* City *magazine.*

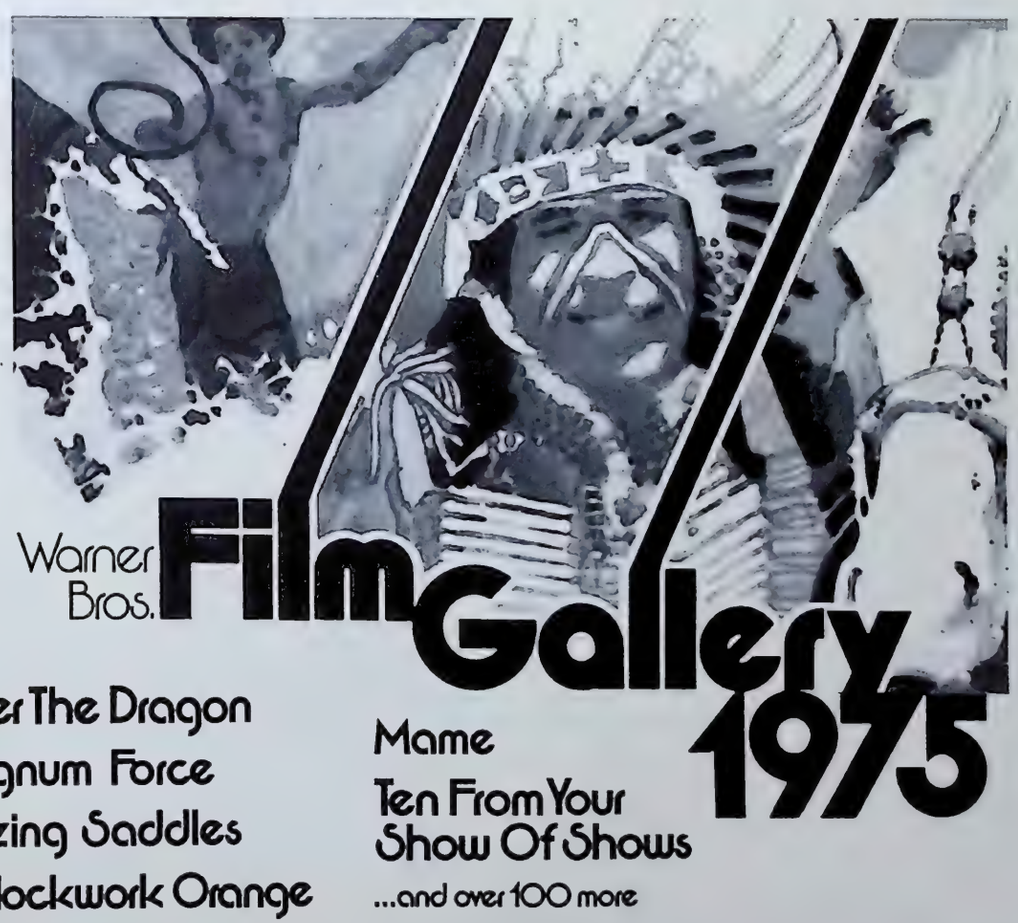
John Cassavetes'

A WOMAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE

Hey Mabel, stifle yourself!

John Cassavetes' **A Woman Under the Influence**, like its main character, Mabel Longhetti (Gena Rowlands) is paradoxically both fuzzy and clear, stifling and liberating. Glimpses of Mabel's character reveal startling and liberating moments of lucidity that tell precisely how she is the victim of her money problems and her cramped role as housewife and mother. Yet, there are times watching Mabel perform under the influences, that we become as frustrated as she. Constricted by the economic pressures as they apply to her lifestyle, weighed down by her role-playing husband, and even dominated by her only "escape" — her children — Mabel spends her time reacting rather than acting.

The film opens as Mabel sends her three kids away with her mother (Lady Rowlands) for a few days, so that she and her husband Nick (Peter Falk) can have some time by themselves. Nick works for the city water company and it becomes clear, early on, that their economic class is the first important "influence." Unable to take vacations in Las



WARNER BROS. FILM GALLERY A Division of Warner Bros. Inc.,4000 Warner Blvd. Burbank, CA 91522 (213) 843-6000 *Serving the United States*

Vegas or get sitters for the kids, the Longhettis don't get away from the house much. Mabel, moreover, is stuck in the house all day while Nick works. Within this arrangement, privacy becomes a precious commodity: they have to sleep in the dining room on a convertible couch. (Mabel is never very far from the kitchen.) It is simple economics again, when Nick makes a decision to commit Mabel to a public institution after she has a breakdown. The institution is obviously so far away that he and the kids can't visit her for the six months she's hospitalized. Much the same situation exists in Ken Loach's **Cathy Come Home**, where a working class family is forced to separate and this leads inexorably to its disintegration. Mabel, unlike Cathy, doesn't lose her children and they form the second "influence" she's under.

Like Cathy and another contemporary woman, Guiliana in **Red Desert**, Mabel is lonely, frightened and egoless, finding comfort and meaning only when she's with her children. In **Red Desert**'s only true-color sequence, for example, Guiliana tells her son a bedtime story, rich in romanticized security. For Mabel, improvising a Swan Lake ballet with a bunch of kids serves the same purpose. Her children, unlike anyone else in the film, operate only by their instincts and perhaps understand her best. Later in the film, after Mabel returns home from the institution, she freaks out and starts fighting with Nick. The kids come to her rescue (quite improvisationally, according to Cassavetes) and tell "Dad" to leave "Mom" alone. As they try to protect her, Mabel draws strength from their simple acceptance of her. But this "influence" is also destructive. For Mabel has lowered herself to their level and has learned a childish method of communication from them. It is a method that works well enough with the kids, but it is useless when she tries to communicate with anyone over the age of 10. Not thinking of herself as a functioning adult, Mabel relies on the same repertoire of kooky gestures — "pffts", "pows", and finger jabbings — when she talks to Nick. It's the only language she knows, poor little girl!

But it isn't working. Mabel is somewhere in her thirties and she's falling apart and she knows it. Under the third and most pressing "influence", her husband Nick's, Mabel suffers most. "I can be anything you want," she desperately tells him. It's a complicated relationship, for she is asking Nick to relieve her of the responsibility of deciding who she should be, but she already *knows* what he wants her to be — a good little housewife and mother — and, even worse, that's what *she* wants herself to be. Mabel is caught in a terrible bind. Nick is not any better off than she is in articulating his feelings and needs, so the "question" remains unanswered for them both. It's easy, however, to sympathize with Nick,

> One of the preview cards at the Coronet screening had scribbled on it: "Francis, you can't win 'em all." But whoever wrote that was wrong. I can.
>
> — Francis Ford Coppola, in *City* magazine

in spite of his macho, since he tries within the limits of his role to alleviate the situation. He goes through the motions of playing "man of the house", but it's not enough. He can't help Mabel, but he does succeed in getting through to the children. In the only family scene while Mabel is hospitalized, Nick insists on taking the kids to the beach. The sky is grey and the water looks cold, but Nick has made his decision. "When *I'm* the father, nobody gets pneumonia!" He carries the kids back and forth on the sand like so much cement, and in the pick-up truck riding home, they all guzzle beer. Nick fumbles awkwardly with the children, but it's evident that there's a great deal of love and feeling. As they reel on the front lawn, no one mentions Mabel, but one can feel the void she has left.

This affection is revealed throughout the film in the finely detailed map of family unity and love that underlies and contrasts with Nick's callousness and Mabel's apathy. Moreover, it gives the film its only sense of optimism for the future of the Longhettis. In the rhythms of the film (the rhythms of a good soap-opera) Cassavetes affirms the possibility for the survival of a nuclear family. Mabel — like Nick — is under a hell of a lot of destructive pressure from the "influences", but somehow she manages to survive with the muddling help of her family. The horrifying thing about all of Cassavetes' films (**A Woman Under the Influence** above all) is how emotionally draining they are. His *characters* are frighteningly self-destructive, but his *actors* always manage to give them a strength and fullness of life that lets them survive. At the end of the film, Mabel and family are united again. She's not much better off, but she's no worse off (and we feel that her family will protect her). What other American filmmaker attempts to do *that*?

However, here's where Cassavetes, the director, comes into the picture, since although he creates this optimism, he does so at Mabel's expense. Mabel is set-up to be victimized by everyone in the film. Besides the "influences" already mentioned, her mother-in-law, Mama Longhetti (played with perfect nasality by Katherine Cassavetes), Dr. Zepp (the family doctor), and even Mabel's parents badger her into numbness from which there is no escape. Cassavetes has purposefully designed the film without giving Mabel the slightest chance to explain herself. She has no girl-friend, no sympathetic listener to talk to, and so the deck is neatly stacked against her. It is important not to forget that Mabel is Cassavetes' invention and since he uses Gena (his wife) and other members of his family, we can assume that much of the feeling of the film has auto-biographical sources. But this is not a documentary. There is a script that Cassavetes has written and it is unfair to the character of Mabel that he hasn't allowed her some ordinary outlet that we logically might expect, instead of cutting her off so completely. Without doubt Mabel *is* "under the influence." There are good reasons for her breakdown, but Cassavetes hasn't given her any of her own resources to fight back with. More than anything else, Mabel needs to be left alone to work out her *own* problems for herself. She needs to be free of Nick for awhile — and free of his friend, and her director, Cassavetes. Perhaps even, Gena should direct her own film next time.

Susan Schenker

Susan Schenker is a freelance story analyst for several motion picture companies who wouldn't touch A Woman Under the Influence with a ten-foot pole!

Alain Tanner's

THE MIDDLE OF THE WORLD

Too round to point

The nicest things about Alain Tanner's films rest half-dormant in the crevices, unmindful of the core — if a Tanner film can actually be tied down to a core. In **Retour d'Afrique** the narrator postulates, "Words can be an act in themselves or they can substitute for action"; and most of Tanner's films grope uneasily at a compromise between thought and action, facts and feelings. (It's not so much that the best lack all conviction as that the best lack all inclination.) Yet, the strength of Tanner's films lies neither in polemics nor in the self-professed limitations of polemics, but in a shadey intuitive realm this Swiss director is evoking with increasing élan.

Tanner protests that he has no interest in delivering a concrete message, and, indeed, his films are political only on an abstract level. Like Claude Chabrol, Alain Tanner has an apparently inexorable distaste for the bourgeoisie, but unlike Chabrol Tanner refuses to make buffoons of his erring middle class (the son in **Charles, Dead Or Alive** and some minor characters in **La Salamandre** are notable exceptions). Tanner's anti-hero in **Middle Of The World**, for instance, is quite an appealing character: a bourgeois family man willing to sacrifice nearly all, except his job, for the love of an Italian waitress.

Shot in 35mm color, **Middle Of The World** is Tanner's most ambitious, least

Nouvelle Vaguish film to date. Unlike his earlier black-and-white works (particularly **La Salamandre** and **Retour d'Afrique**), **Middle Of The World** is explicitly structural, with all rhetoric embedded in the implications of the mise-en-scène rather than the words of the characters. While the protagonists of the earlier films are busy snatching at the Truth, Adriana (Olympia Carlisi) and Paul (Philippe Léotard) merely play out the roles of small-town lovers. **Middle Of The World**'s success as an idiosyncratic love story and its partial failure as a social generalization are both tied to the mute affinity of these two superbly evoked characters.

Tanner insists that his film is essentially the study of "normalization" — the mating of poles at a middle ground which precludes all growth or change. (In the political arena Tanner defines "normalization" as the ideological détente between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.) His male lead is an amiable, thirty-four-year-old engineer, running for political office in the small town of Moruz at the foot of the Jura. The woman he falls in love with is Adriana, an Italian waitress working in the station cafeteria. Together they go to "The Middle Of The World" — literally a spot in Eligoz, the town where Paul was born.

Born to peasant status, Paul has worked his way into the middle class and is all too willing to offer Adriana the advantages of bourgeois life: a movie camera, a trip to New York, the freedom to quit her menial responsibilities at the restaurant. Adriana responds by demanding what she would possibly do in New York much less want with his silly gifts. As time goes on, the elasticity of their initial passion begins to give.

Although a passive character, Adriana is as proud of her earth-motherly elusiveness as the much spunkier Bulle Ogier character of **La Salamandre**. After finally making love (Adriana has insisted on a protracted courtship), Adriana cannot resist a narcissistic appraisal of her perfect body as she protests that men always think they understand a woman once they have made love to her. She continues to lament Paul's inability to understand her throughout the film, yet never attempts to define her complaints to the befuddled bourgeois who is, to give him credit, about to lose an election because he refuses to lose her. Like Ibsen's Nora, Adriana seems to be waiting for the miracle, but it is a miracle she has neither reason to anticipate nor inclination to assist.

As a love story, **Middle Of The World** is replete with lots of fine touches. Paul's passion at first appears to take him out of his adult, official self, and we watch him turn a summersault on the grass, falling on his back like a plucky child. Always placid, Adriana demonstrates her self-sufficiency by singing to herself and jumping playfully to tap a sign as she moves rhythmically along her way. (Like the wife of **Retour d'Afrique**, she asserts a union with nature as well as her own body through solitary walks.)

Because these characters work so well as individuals, it is difficult for us to accept the sociological generalization Tanner is doubtless implying. While the structure of the film (including short narrative interjections accompanied by images of the changing seasons) is underscoring the incompatability of bourgeois values with redemptive passion, the vivacity of the mise-en-scène is simultaneously stressing the tension between two particular individuals. When Adriana leaves, her incredulous friend (Juliet Berto) asks: "Was it abnormal sex?"; "Was he a bad lay?"; "Did they pay you to leave?" To all these questions Adriana answers a truthful, enigmatic "No." Like Anouilh's Antigone, she has sacrificed what onlookers might view as a charmed existence because she wanted the impossible more. Tanner agrees that she will undoubtedly end up the matriarch in a large peasant family, no different for this interlude.

> "I never try to imitate reality. When I make a film, I never know how it will turn out, I want it to develop like nature, emerge the way a plant grows. ... I feel as though I'm tapping away at pieces of stone to bring out what lies within. ... I'm always surprised at the result."
>
> — Alain Resnais,
> in *Le Nouvel Observateur*

If Adriana had been able (or willing) to articulate herself, she might have voiced her disapproval of Paul's middle class values; but **Middle Of The World** would not have been the same film. Tanner wants to have his cake and eat it too. He has created a woman with deep, silent yearning — an individual, beautifully portrayed by the lovely Olympia Carlisi. Like Tanner's best characters (and I believe the most felicitous aspect of his art), Adriana is too round to double as a social symbol.

Despite its polemical flaws, **Middle Of The World** is a marvelously subtle film which ranks with **La Salamandre** in emotional depth and intellectual scope.

Diane Jacobs

Diane Jacobs has a Master of Fine Arts from Columbia University's Graduate Film School and is film critic at New York's Changes *magazine.*

Jon Demme's

CAGED HEAT

Style over content

The Women In Prison exploitation flick is proving to be nearly as viable a genre as the Biker flick. Which should come as no surprise, as both genres were born in the fertile imagination of Roger Corman, the Fellini of B-movies.

Corman's New World distribution company has been moving up in the world lately — it handled Bergman's **Cries and Whispers**, Henzell's **The Harder They Come**, and at the moment it's right in there with Fellini's **Amarcord**. But New World's bread and butter is still exploitation — *good* exploitation (which is not nearly the contradiction some people think it is). Black movies, Nurse movies, Bike movies — "hard R's" as Corman refers to them, which means you shoot an X-rated movie and then cut out just enough close-ups to get an "R."

The thing that makes Corman-produced (and, by extension, Corman-distributed) exploitation product superior is very simple: He tends to hire young, talented filmmakers who, in turn, tend to hire young, talented writers, musicians and actors. Everybody seems to have *fun* making movies for Corman — and a lot of good filmmakers have come out of the process. Francis Coppola, for instance, who returned the favor by giving Corman himself a bit part in **Godfather Two** as a Senator.

Caged Heat (you thought we'd never get to it, huh?) is a typical New World release: fast, funky, loaded with sex, perversion and sadism, alternatively sleazy and sophisticated — and underneath it all, a subtle, in-group satire on the whole thing. The plot is little more than a throw-away framework for the secret gags, and an excuse for lots of little delights: A bluesy musical score by John Cale. An outrageous supporting performance by Barbara Steele (an old Corman standby who was featured in **8½**). A surprise cameo appearance by George Armitage and his whole family. (Armitage, one of the most talented people in the extended Corman family, wrote **Gas-s-s-s**, and directed several amazing pictures including **Private Duty Nurses**. His scene in **Caged Heat** is typical — in fact he probably wrote it: As three desperate convicts steal his car, all he can say is, "You gotta watch out for the clutch, it's screwed up, you won't be able to drive it...")

Jonathan Demme directs with a weird, nightmare continuity that makes the film oddly powerful, despite its essential shallowness. Like most Corman exploitation pictures, it's a triumph of style over content — and by no means everyone's cup of tea. But I'll take a middlin' exploitation film over a dull, heavy-handed "A" picture (like **Odessa File**) any day of the week. Anyway, how can you pass up a come-on line like "White Hot Desires Melting Cold Prison Steel"? It's not quite as good as "Only the Monster She Made Could Satisfy Her Secret Desires" or "Five-Hundred Pounds of Hot Metal Between Their Legs," but it's not bad.

Michael Goodwin

A 16 mm Booker's Guide to Sources of Films Mentioned in this Issue.

Airport '75. UNI.
The Alamo. UA.
Back Street. UNI.
Barefoot In the Park. Can:PAR. US:FI.
The Big Boss (Fists of Fury). US:SWK.
Caged Heat. NWP.
Cathy Come Home. TLF.
Charles, Dead or Alive. Can:FAR. US:NYF.
Cheyenne Autumn. Can:WB. US:TWY.
Chisum. Can:WB. US:SWK.
Crime Without Passion. UNI.
The Deadly Companions. Can:IFD.
Donovan's Reef. Can:PAR. US:FI.
Earthquake. UNI.
El Dorado. Can:PAR. US:FI.
Fist of Fury (The Chinese Connection). WB.
Forbidden Paradise. PAR?
Fort Apache. Can:AST. US:MAB.
Gas-s-s-s. Can:AST. US:AIP.
Godfather II. Can:PAR* US:FI*
Going Places. US:CS.
The Graduate. Can:IFD. US:MAB.
Hello Sister. Can:ITE. US:FI.
The Hindenberg. UNI*
The High and the Mighty. WB.
Jet Pilot. UNI.
Juggernaut. UA.
Kodak Ghost Poems No. 2. FMC.
The Last Command. Can:CFI. US:MMA.
Last Tango In Paris. UA.
Legend of the Lost. UA.
The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance. Can:PAR. US:FI.
Marlowe. Can:BEL. US:FI.
The Marriage Circle. Can:CFI. US:MMA.
Mean Streets. WB.
The Memphis Belle. US:AFL.
The Middle of the World. Can:FAR.
Morocco. Can:UNI. US:TWY.
The Patriot. US:FCE.
Poseidon Adventure. Can:BEL. US:FI.
Private Duty Nurses. US:NWP.
The Red Balloon. US:MAB.

Red Desert. Can:PR. US:MAB.
Retour d'Afrique. Can:FAR. US:NYF.
Return of the Dragon. US:BRY.
La Salamandre. Can:FAR. US:NYF.
The Scoundrel. UNI.
Sheila Levine is Dead and Living in New York. Can:PAR* US:FI*
The Sting. UNI.
Street of Sin. Can:PAR? US:FI.
That's Entertainment. Can:BEL. US:UA.
Thieves Like Us. UA*
The Towering Inferno. WB*
Track of the Cat. WB.
The Trial of Billy Jack. TLC.
The Train Robbers. WB.
Two Rode Together. Can:VC. US:MAB.
Ugetsu. Can:NCE. US:JAN.
The Undefeated. Can:BEL. US:FI.
Underworld. Can:CFI. US:MMA.
Who's That Knocking at my Door. Can:PRS. US:BRJ.
Wind Variations. FMC.
Wings. Can:PAR. US:FI.

Additions and Corrections
Lancelot du Lac (Vol. 4 No. 7). US:NYF.

* 16mm prints may not be available currently. While based on sources we believe reliable and up-to-date, *Take One* cannot guarantee the accuracy of any of the above information, nor assume any liability for the results of any misinformation given. We will be happy to print additions and corrections in future issues.

AFL. Air Force Film Library Center, Dept. of the Air Force, 8900 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. 36125.
AIP. American International Pictures, 9033 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal. 90211.
AST. Astral Films, 224 Davenport Rd., Toronto M5R 1J7.
BEL. BelleVue Film Distributors, 227 Victoria Street, Toronto 2, Ont.
BRJ. Joseph Brenner, 570 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10018.
BRY. Bryanston Distributors, 630 Ninth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036.
CS. Cinema Five, 595 Madison Ave., New York N.Y. 10022.
CFI. Canadian Film Institute, 1762 Carling Ave., Ottawa 13, Ont.
FAR. Faroun Films, 136 St. Paul St. E., Montreal 127.
FCE. Film Classic Exchange, 1926 S. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. 90007.
FI. Films Inc., 1144 Wilmette Ave., Wilmette, Ill. 60091.
FMC. Film-Makers' Cooperative, 175 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.
IFD. International Film Distributors, 20 Bloor St. W., Toronto 5, Ont.
ITE. International Tele-Film, 47 Densley Ave., Toronto, Ont. M6M 2P5.
JAN. Janus Films, 745 5th Ave., NYC 10022.
MAB. MacMillan Audio Brandon, 34 MacQuesten Parkway S., Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550.
MMA. Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.
NCE. New Cinema Enterprises, 35 Britain St., Toronto M5A 1R7.
NWP. New World Pictures, 8831 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90069.
NYF. New Yorker Films, 43 West 61st St., NYC 10023.
PAR. Paramount Pictures, Toronto Star Building, 1 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
PR. Prima Films, Suite 205, 135 Sherbrooke St. E., Montreal, Que.
PRS. Peerless Films, 1070 Bleury, Montreal, Quebec.
SWK. Swank Motion Pictures, 201 South Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63166.
TLC. Taylor-Laughlin Dist. Co., 9336 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City, Cal. 90230.
TLF. Time-Life Films, Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller Ctr., New York, N.Y. 10020.
TWY. Twyman Films, 329 Salem Ave., Dayton, Ohio 45401.
UA. United Artists Corp., Suite 800, 2180 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. and 729 7th Ave., NYC 10019.
UNI. Universal Films, 2450 Victoria Park Ave., Willowdale, Ont. and 445 Park Ave., NYC 10022.
VC. Visual Consultants, 72 Carlton St., Toronto, Ont.
WB. Warner Brothers Distributors, 70 Carlton St., Toronto, Ont. and 400 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Cal. 91505.

Tommy
the Movie
Ann-Margret is The Mother
Roger Daltrey is Tommy
Eric Clapton is The Preacher
Keith Moon is Uncle Ernie
Oliver Reed is The Lover
Elton John is The Pinball Wizard
John Entwistle is Himself
Paul Nicholas is Cousin Kevin
Jack Nicholson is The Doctor
Pete Townshend is Himself
Tina Turner is The Acid Queen
Robert Powell is Captain Walker
Your senses will never be the same.
Columbia Pictures and Robert Stigwood Present A Film By Ken Russell "Tommy" By The Who Based On The Rock Opera By Pete Townshend, Starring Ann-Margret As The Mother Oliver Reed As The Lover Roger Daltrey As Tommy And Featuring Elton John As The Pinball Wizard Guest Artists Eric Clapton, John Entwistle, Keith Moon, Paul Nicholas, Jack Nicholson, Robert Powell, Pete Townshend, Tina Turner & The Who Associate Producer Harry Benn, Musical Director Pete Townshend, Screenplay By Ken Russell, Executive Producers Beryl Vertue And Christopher Stamp Produced By Robert Stigwood And Ken Russell, Directed By Ken Russell, Original Soundtrack Album on Polydor Records and Tapes
Polydor
PG

Columns

Outs

Public Notices

Two assorted items of varied interest and importance.

First, Pauline Kael read this column a couple of months back (Vol. 4 No. 5) — the one that discussed the matter of movies being advertised with her quotes — and got angry. I found out about this after a screening of **Godfather II**. She told me, in the middle of a discussion of the movie, that my research was "shit". I thought at first she was talking about some *Time* review or other, and I was caught a little off guard. While I was still trying to sort it all out, she added that she thought I was a "shit", as well, and, probably for purposes of clarification, made a comment about "that Canadian magazine". While friends waited, the both of us had a rather intense but not entirely unfriendly argument about the veracity of the column.

There was a lot raised, but nothing settled. I mention the squabble now only to establish that Kael is upset about the piece, feels it was unfair and untrue, and to alert whoever cares or is paying attention to further developments, all still pending. I told her I'd like to get together to straighten things out, and that I'd be happy to make any factual corrections. She agreed to a subsequent meeting, but we haven't been able to find time since. Until we do — and I hope that it will be in time for the next column — let me pass along a few of Kael's gripes.

She thought, overall, that the piece was an attack. I said it was not, that it was meant as a criticism, surely, but not the kind of assault she supposed it to be. Kael also said that many of the quotes I claimed were without proper source originated in reviews she did over the radio. I don't want to run the risk now of trying to remember which she said those were. We were talking, on a cold day, outside the Gulf and Western building, not the best circumstances for taking notes, so let's wait until we have our formal meeting to set the specifics down.

She also said that the only review of hers ever to have been reprinted in its entirety was **Last Tango in Paris**. When I mentioned this to a couple of friends, they reminded me that both her **Thieves Like Us** and **Mean Streets** reviews showed up, complete, in the *New York Times*. There is a great deal to be said for allowing reviews to be reprinted whole. I've written about what I believe to be the overwhelming negative aspects; Kael is articulate about the positive, and maybe she'll put herself on record about them.

That's what we all really ought to get into. I asked where her citation for **Going Places** had come from: "A sexual Keystone comedy" — Pauline Kael. It figures prominently in a great many, and maybe most, ads for the movie. She told me it was something she'd said at a party, in conversation, that the comment had been relayed to Donald Rugoff, the movie's distributor in the U.S., who had called her to ask if he could use it. She said yes. I remarked that was just what I was writing about, that you can't be that free with approval, turn social conversation into critical comment. Kael said she thought **Going Places** was a good movie ("marvelous", I think she said), that few other people had liked it, and that it could use all the help it could get. The essence of this debate, or whatever it should be called, is right in that exchange.

That's really where this whole discussion comes from, not so much quarrels over accuracy but disagreement about how film critics ought to do their job. Kael is too good to dismiss, but not to knock; no one is. It seems to me she is the most influential of all major film writers right now, and that her preeminence carries a certain responsibility.

I hope, once we both finally get to it, we can get into it as well. I've a notion to tape our talk, for accuracy, if nothing else, have it transcribed and printed here, edited and amended by the both of us. If, that is, anyone is interested; if Kael is agreeable (that idea, on one level, looks like a way to back her into doing some sort of piece, and making the discussion a little more formal and elaborate than she may like, or want); and if the time and the space can be found. It's a good subject, an urgent one, even, and not the sort of thing that's much talked about: how the few critics who have anything even resembling what might be called "influence", or "power", use the attention and loyalty and interest of their readers. How does a critic balance off his enthusiasm or passion for a film against a desire not to be exploited by the people who made the movie, or the ones who are distributing it?

I hope this all doesn't sound too much like Previews of Coming Attractions; I meant it to be a kind of prospectus. Since I've mentioned little of this to Kael, only the barest outline, it is undoubtedly going to come off being presumptious, which I didn't intend, and like a challenge, which I suppose I did. Anyhow, this seems to me the best that can be gotten out of this disagreement. Kael, quite understandably, may not want to get into it at all, or get into it somewhere else, at another time or place, writing about it all on her own. It's an awfully good subject, one that shouldn't be wasted.

Whatever happens, I'll at least have a list of corrections, amplifications, disagreements and/or confusions come next column, and maybe something a little more extensive, too. I don't want to stir this argument up, make a brawl out of it, but I would like to see it as the chance to get into a solid debate about the way working critics order their responsibilities and do their jobs.

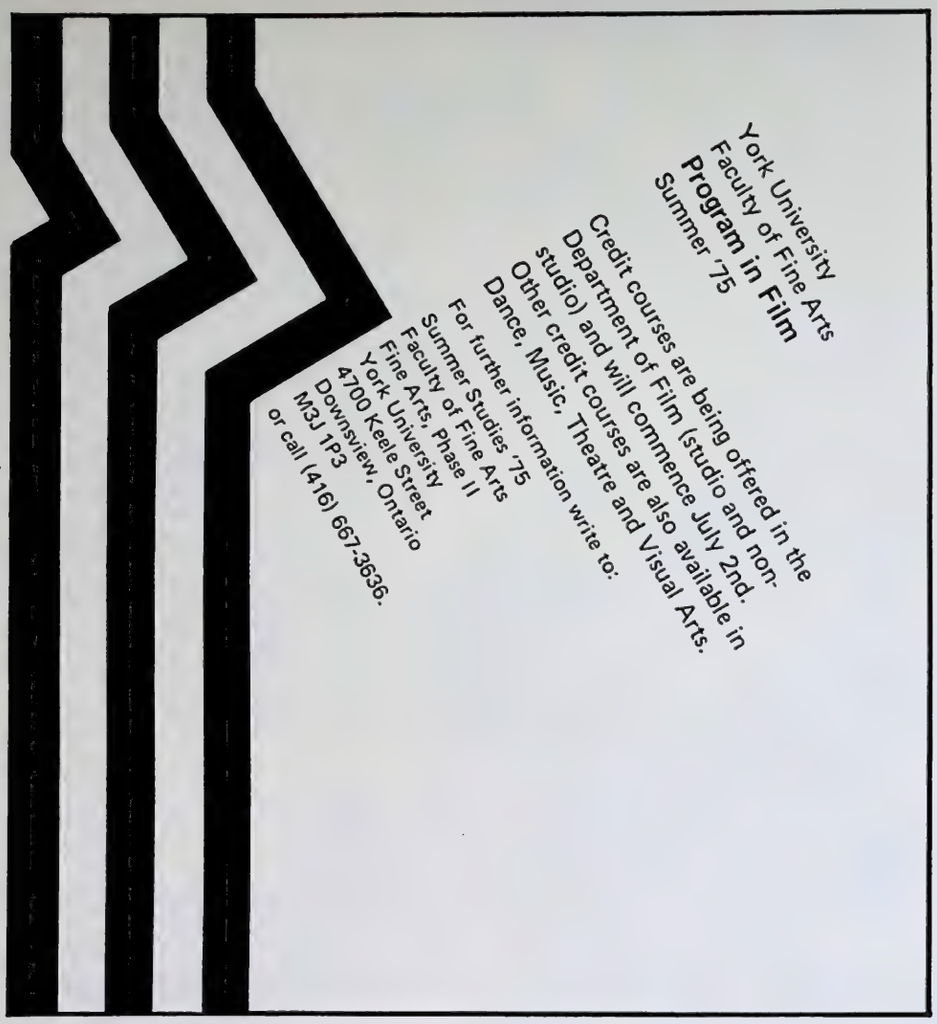
The assistant film editor on **Godfather II** I wrote about in the last column — the one whose name I never got — turns out to have gone to college with me, and to have known me. His name is George Berendt, and, if he ever saw the piece in the last issue, he had the decency not to mention it. I discovered who he was when I saw his name on the end credits for the first time. Apologies to him then and now, with a few hearty choruses of the Kenyon College song thrown in for good measure. There are a great many things I would like to forget about Kenyon, but I'd at least like George to know that he wasn't one of them.

Jay Cocks

Letter from New York

Andrew Noren's new work is a single-minded exploration of the nature of moving light. **Kodak Ghost Poems #2** (80 mins., silent) begins, for no clearly discernable reason, with stock footage visuals of a storm and a segment from a dramatic film. After these literal references are out of the way, we are thankfully plunged into a glorious fragmented spastic kind of sensual exploration. Incredible blood-reds stand out in relief from the screen. There is a fascination with the nature of flickering light and color, with the world of light and shadow. The images have no rounded dimensions, they are travelling ghosts appearing for an instant in the guise of recognizable objects. Noren enables us to see pictorial two-dimensionality in terms of positive and negative forms, each having equal substance and both propelled by nervous agitated rhythms. The variations of light, each shadowed dancing drifting and emerging shape, all stem from natural sources; leaves, curtains, water, etc. He probes and attacks, almost like a documentarian, his camera constantly shifting, darting this way and that, seeking out every change and convolution. At one moment we are witness to glittering jewelry, at another we are bobbing in the snake-

Jay Cocks, born in the Bronx, reviews movies for Time


York University
Faculty of Fine Arts
Program in Film
Summer '75
Credit courses are being offered in the Department of Film (studio and non-studio) and will commence July 2nd.
Other credit courses are also available in Dance, Music, Theatre and Visual Arts.
For further information write to:
Summer Studies '75
Faculty of Fine Arts
Fine Arts, Phase II
York University
4700 Keele Street
Downsview, Ontario
M3J 1P3
or call (416) 667-3636.

like twistings of water reflections. All light source seems to be from the sun. The light dazzles and flickers in a frenzy of punctuations and bursts. The colors — rich reds, golden yellows and purples — flow from the screen in rainbow streamers.

During a portion of the film Noren changes style and gives us some dreary home-movie-like footage which contributes nothing to the totality. Some nude girls stand around looking nude and that's about all. None of this footage is shot with any conviction, but gratefully it does not last too long and we soon return to the world of light. He really does not seem able to cope with the human figure, except near the end of the film where he begins to come to grips with the problem as it relates to light and shadow. Faces, arms, breasts, become saturated with moving shadows. Their sculptural solidity is turned to vapor.

Noren constantly explores every possible avenue; sometimes it works marvelously, other times not, but there is a definition of personal involvement that is as precise as it can be. In one sequence, Noren dresses while dancing light reflections transform this mundane act into something rich and explosive. His later treatment of the nude creates a similar experience. He covers her flesh with the shadowed pattern of a flowered lace curtain that alternately flattens, caresses and describes the form beneath it.

Along with the home-movie-like diversions, another weakness of the totality is the repetitious and redundant nature of the film's length. Like most artists who are able to discover a language that is their own, a certain amount of discipline and restraint go out the window in the process of the initial discovery. Noren's film would have been better cut into several separate films or the whole considerably shortened. Whatever is fresh and beautiful, because of constant repetition, soon becomes ordinary. What was originally miraculous becomes predictable. His imagination is not ordinary. He just doesn't know how to stop when he's ahead.

> “Adventurous capitalism. It's the system most conducive to liberty, to the real human spirit. I believe in capitalism because it is founded on the idea of gain, profit and loss. On reward.
>
> — Claude Lelouch
> in *The Montreal Star* ”

Noren's shorter film, **Wind Variations** (20 mins., silent), contains more of the same kind of intense exploration as **Kodak Ghost Poems #2** except that in this case the subject matter is limited to one subject and reveals his concern for textural imagery as well as light. The image is window curtains moving in a gentle breeze, creating volumes of light and texture within the frame. There are many subtle color variations as well. The camera is hand-held but the shifting positions follow the action much in the manner of eye movements. A table top provides a stage for the negative shadow version of the light-struck curtain. The shadow of the window bars move up and down horizontally. There is a constant interplay between the two sets of patterns. The only thing that mars the continuity of the imagery are some annoying abrupt cuts, and the tired cliché of allowing the punched holes that appear at the end or begining of every roll of film to show on screen.

Bob Cowan

Film as Business

And the rich get richer

1975 promises to be a year of epochal disaster for film audiences. Hopefully, the debacle won't occur at the box office, but only on the screen. We already have a noisy **Earthquake** shocking us, a confrontation with explosion at sea in **Juggernaut**, definite trouble at high altitudes in **Airport '75**, another murderous **Godfather II**, a sky-scraper on fire in **The Towering Inferno**, lighter-than-air catastrophe in **The Hindenburg**, and goodness knows how many copies, repeats and sequels to come. What does it all mean to those interested in our ever fascinating film and theatrical industry?

Lesson number one appears to be that the mass desire for "escapist entertainment" in 1975 seems all pervasive. There is nothing new about this. Go over the hit features of the past 50 years and one finds that a large number of big winners are in the category of large scale epochs — frequently historical in theme — but often contemporary as well. In brief, the paying public generally wants something that will take them out of their daily humdrum existence and onto a new plateau of excitement, intrigue, or even disaster. And disaster seems to be this year's recipe.

This need for escapism is reinforced by the never-ending competition to theatres encountered on the home TV screen. It is all too easy to stay home and waste an evening watching the box. The two-or-three-movies-a-week family has, of course, long since vanished from the scene. To break that home en-

Bob Cowan is a prize winning Canadian filmmaker (Soul Freeze, Rock Flow, Earth Song, etc.)now living and working in New York. He is a regular Take One contributor.

tertainment pattern requires large scale films on large scale screens. With a few exceptions (yes Virginia — there are exceptions in this business for everything) the public will not go out *en masse* for anything less than what it considers different and significant. And the easiest place to be different and significant is in film scale and size. To beat TV then, give them a picture and a theme they cannot match at home (we'll worry about large home wall screens with first-run features on pay television later — but not now).

History and television indicate large scale adventure as significant box office themes. So do the dismal economic conditions that prevail. The depression of 1929-33 did not prove, as is sometimes claimed, that movies are a "depression-proof business". For one who recollects those years with Paramount in 77B (Reorganization) and Warner's and RKO hanging on the edge, that theory seems somewhat less than accurate. When people run clean out of money, they cannot and will not go to theatres. Particularly at 1974-75 stepped-up prices.

But recession, which is what we are in, is quite another matter. While there are still dollars around, either from unemployment funds, past savings, social security or friendly lenders, theatrical film has a vast pull. In 1930, before the depression really struck, movies had a fine year at the box office. There are idle hands which cannot stick around the house all day. They want a break or a change and if they still have dollars, they will go to bars, attend sporting events and pay three bucks at the box office window for first-run films. And the type of film they are likely to want is wide-scale escapist entertainment.

Will the "disaster cycle" end? Such trends always have, and it is safe to predict that this one will too. If I knew what would replace it, I would be a producer and not a commentator. Pending a return to better times, it would seem safe to assume, however, that escapism (ie. incompatibility with reality) will remain a likely theme. The vast success of **That's Entertainment** might indicate a musical revival. Action — fantasy — *à la* James Bond can certainly roar back, if it ever went away. Nostalgia — (**The Sting**) seems here to stay for a good run. And we have lots to be nostalgic about.

What is vitally significant is that to produce large-scale entertainment requires a vast number of dollars up front. Pictures like **Earthquake**, **Poseidon Adventure**, **Airport '75** and **Towering Inferno** are not made on modest budgets. Substantial risks have to be taken and this, generally, requires powerful financial backing. The independent producer, if he lacks this support, faces serious obstacles. A Tom Laughlin may repeat with **The Trial of Billy Jack**, but very few independents can afford the vast expenditure of time and money such a project encompasses. All the other "big" films, whether produced independently or not, have the prior backing of major distributors or conglomerates which can lay millions on the line, or find credit at the banker's window. If the big films succeed in 1975 — and there is every indication that they will — the bulk of the proceeds will go to the majors and their backers; less, of course, producers' and artists' percentage compensation.

> "One is so cut off from the rest of the world while shooting a film, that it is almost like living another life — and the end of every film is a kind of death."
>
> — Louis Malle

Can independent production-distribution compete? It will not be easy. The big screen epochs are, with few exceptions, financially out of sight for them. Tax shelter financing (a topic for another day) is increasingly difficult with the Internal Revenue Service hungry for dollars and dubious of large scale write-offs. Challenges, both legislative and administrative, are pending and more will certainly arise. In any event, this type of financing is rarely multi-million in character. Other investors prepared to speculate on film (without distribution interest or tax advantages) remain in short supply. They generally avoid large-scale investment in any one effort, preferring to spread their risks. Uncle Nate or Aunt Tania, despite the greatest sympathy with your film project, seem unlikely to be able to finance anything more than a modest feature.

The independent producer-distributor, then, is going to have to find his way, in a tight market, under marginal economic circumstances. But theatres cannot play disaster epochs every week of the year and they are going to be open and operating for other pictures. To regularly fill their seats, as well as their screens, in 1975 has got to be a full-size job.

Michael F. Mayer

Michael Mayer is a partner in the New York theatrical law firm of Mayer & Bucher. He has authored numerous articles and books on motion pictures, most recently The Film Industries — Practical Business/Legal Problems in Production, Distribution and Exhibition, *published by Hastings House, N.Y.*

Coffee, Brandy & Cigars

Did you know how Albert Lamorisse, director of the adorable **The Red Balloon** died? He was shooting a documentary from a helicopter on Iran and when the Shah objected that it was "too picturesque" and showed mainly "the old Persia" and not the new power plants, oil refineries, dams, turbines and the like, Lamorisse went back and while shooting the power plants, oil refineries, etc. his helicopter touched a high charged wire and he was killed.

"Be careful of what you want, or what you think you want, because if you want something bad enough, you will get it." Do you know who said that? The late great Japanese director, Kenji Mizoguchi, he of the unforgettable **Ugetsu**. He made 90 films and was not satisfied with a single one, not even **Ugetsu**.

What's the Use? Dep't. Stroheim shot 14 scenes the first day at Fox making **Walking Down Broadway**, a record not only for him but for the studio, finally bringing the picture in $10,000 under a modest budget and within the shooting schedule. So pleased was producer Winfield Sheehan with the result that he OK'd Stroheim's own *Her Highness* as his next film for Fox, to have co-starred Pola Negri, Lillian Harvey and Henri Garat. Then Sol Wurtzel, satrap of Fox, came back from his vacation and was furious with Sheehan over the picture. Stroheim, caught in the feud between them, was fired and his picture ordered remade by someone else as **Hello, Sister!**

Something never remarked before, namely, that an indication of the difference in the approach of the two films to the story was in their titles. A straightforward, but also quasi-impressionistic, title like **Walking Down Broadway**, which sprang from the original film's dialogue and was the "deus ex machina" that set the plot in motion, is then changed, when the film itself is changed, to the slang vulgarism employed by two-bit "don juans" to pick up any skirt on the city streets, **Hello, Sister!** That was the measure of Sol Wurtzel.

Have any readers of this magazine ever seen Sacha Guitry's **Faisons un rêve**? Adapted from his stage success, it is as delightful in its own way as its celebrated American counterpart, Lubitsch's **The Marriage Circle**, which antedated it by more than a decade. What a cast it had! Guitry himself, Jacqueline Delubac, Arletty, Jean Coquelin, Claude Dauphin, Yvette Guilbert, Marguerite Moreno and Michel Simon. But the miracle of Lubitsch was that he pulled off the same stunt with *no* cast — just minor players. And the stunt? To make a marital comedy in terms of the purest irony — that rarest (and today non-existent) of cinema virtues. The second miracle of Lubitsch was that *sans* the sparkling dialogue of Guitry — his film was not only silent but had hardly any titles — he encompassed all the wit of Guitry through his cockahoop sense of play with his images. It was at the time the favorite film of those arch *ciné-*

misanthropes, George Jean Nathan and Edmund Wilson, and also of Alfred Hitchcock and Kurosawa. "But the time for Lubitsch is past," said Billy Wilder recently. "It's the loss of something marvelous, the loss of style... Noel Coward wouldn't succeed today either." He said more, about what *does* succeed today, but I'll spare you the grisly details.

The coy nude Kewpies in such dimwitted literature as *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Oui* magazines, and the equally dimwitted movies such fake *houris*, for all their frontal nudity appear in, show the adolescent minds of those trying so desperately (before the interest runs out) to snare their audiences with eroticism. An actress from the theatre of the Thirties, Martha Sleeper, had more sex appeal in just her face than the whole hootchie-kootchie caboodle today has in their bare-assed anatomies. See her in the Hecht-MacArthur **The Scoundrel** (starring Noel Coward) and see what I mean. See it also for the brilliant follow-up it was to that Hecht-MacArthur début as author-directors, the dazzling **Crime Without Passion**, which makes most movies of today look like the work of juvenile delinquents.

Did you know that in ancient Pompeii there were at least no hypocrites? In the ruins today, over one shop, still standing, is a sign, "Salve Lucre" (Hail Profit).

If Harry Hervey's 20-page original story, *Shanghai Express*, had been given to any director other than Sternberg, and that director followed it, he'd have made a nothing film. There is as little of this story in Sternberg's film as there is of Benno Vigny's novel, *Amy Jolly*, in the film Sternberg made of it, **Morocco**. I read Hervey's and Vigny's originals. Vigny's, though different than **Morocco**, is at least interesting as a picaresque novel, but Hervey's "Chinese" effusion is the veriest trash — and the dialogue is simply unbelievably banal, even for the movies. And out of this dross Sternberg spun pure gold.

To compare the real reality with Sternberg's reality (of locales, etc.) is to miss the point of his films. Sternberg's reality is what his films were about, which forced him to collaborate in the writing of his scripts or to take over that assignment completely — for *what* you direct determines *how* you direct. Can you imagine Chaplin or Stroheim or Orson Welles, Preston Sturges or Lubitsch and others of that calibre, directing films written by someone else?

Tip to a book publisher: there exists a charming autobiography of Max Ophuls, *Max Ophuls par Max Ophuls*, published by Robert Laffont in Paris in 1963. It should be translated into English and made available to the legion of his admirers here. The section about his friendship with Preston Sturges in Hollywood is very touching.

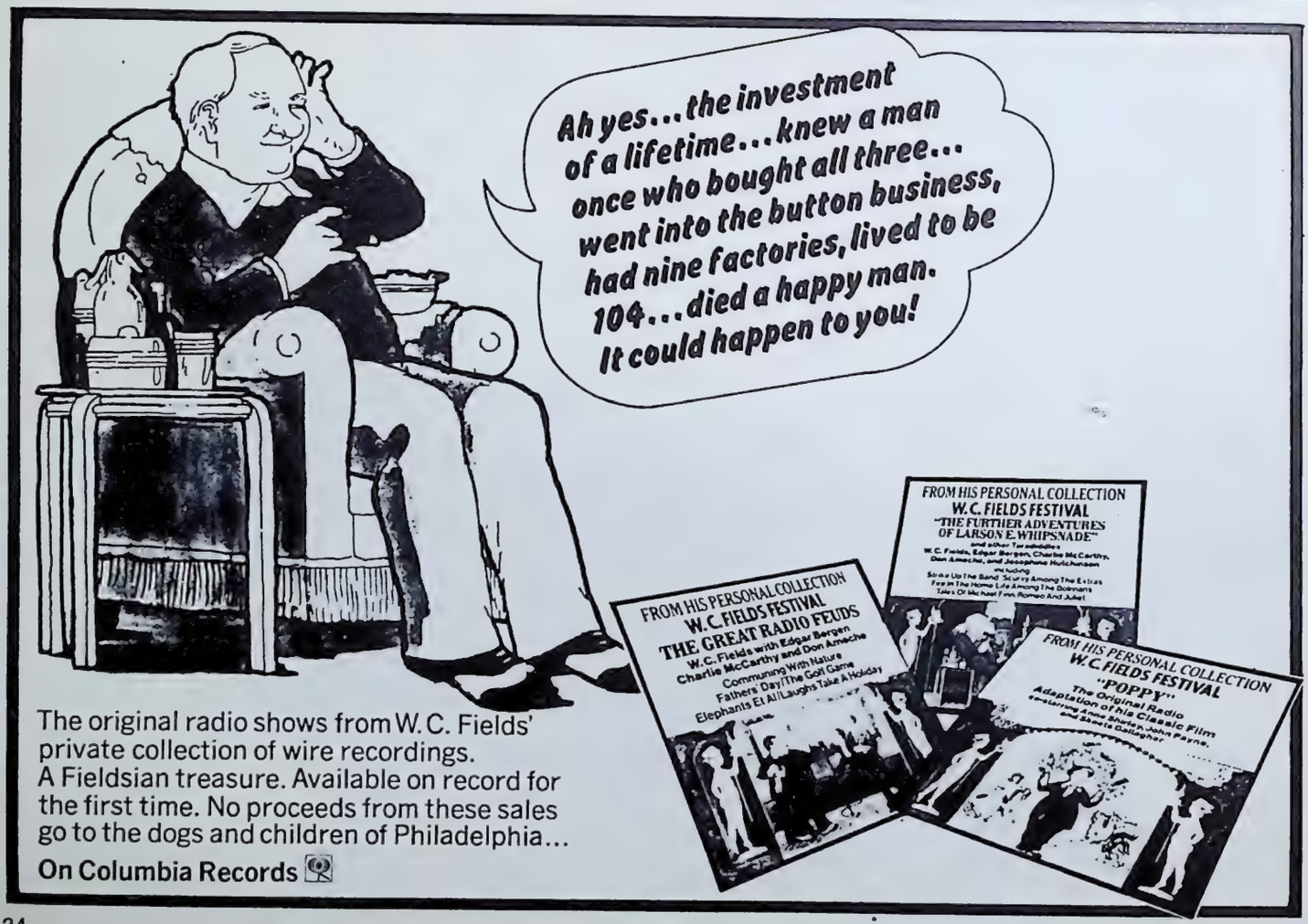
Did you know there is a marvelous recipe for clam chowder in *Moby Dick*? (The book, not the film — I hope I didn't have to say that.)

"I never 'studied' other actresses or made the slightest effort to learn the art," writes Louise Brooks to me. "I could only be myself, without the least concern about what that self was. A true actress, asked to play herself, panics in a vacuum." Whatever that "self" was, for her it was the purest enchantment, which has made her one of the screen's enduring legends.

Finally, I would like to make some recommendations: the Finnish film magazine, *Filmihullu*, even if you don't know Finnish, edited by Peter von Bagh, Iso Roobertinkatu 44B27, Helsinki, 12, Finland. The attention given the classics is a most pleasant surprise at a time like this and in this remote corner of the world; beautifully illustrated. Jean Renoir's *My Life and My Films* — of course! And Basil Wright's history of the films, *The Long View* — and, coming from *him*, also of course! And (may I?) for *aficionados* of *The Complete* ***Greed***, my sequel has just appeared, on another mutilated masterwork of von Stroheim — *The Complete* ***Wedding March*** (Little Brown, Boston).

Herman G. Weinberg

Herman G. Weinberg has contributed articles to most of the world's leading film journals, served on the juries of various film festivals, been U.S. correspondent for Sight & Sound *as well as* Cahiers du Cinema *and published several books on the cinema.*


Ah yes... the investment of a lifetime... knew a man once who bought all three... went into the button business, had nine factories, lived to be 104... died a happy man. It could happen to you!
FROM HIS PERSONAL COLLECTION
W.C. FIELDS FESTIVAL
THE GREAT RADIO FEUDS
W.C. Fields with Edgar Bergen
Charlie McCarthy and Don Ameche
Communing With Nature
Fathers' Day/The Golf Game
Elephants Et Al/Laughs Take A Holiday
FROM HIS PERSONAL COLLECTION
W.C. FIELDS FESTIVAL
"THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF LARSON E. WHIPSNADE"
FROM HIS PERSONAL COLLECTION
W.C. FIELDS FESTIVAL
"POPPY"
The Original Radio Adaptation of his Classic Film
The original radio shows from W.C. Fields' private collection of wire recordings.
A Fieldsian treasure. Available on record for the first time. No proceeds from these sales go to the dogs and children of Philadelphia...
On Columbia Records

BOOK NEWS

Robert De Niro is planning to buy screen rights to a novel, *The Street*, by his old friend Aram Saroyan. The book is about Saroyan's flirtation with an acting career in the 60s. De Niro would play the lead, with Mike Nichols and Walter Matthau (Saroyan's step-father) probably playing themselves. It is hoped that Elaine May will direct.

Former *Take One* contributor Axel Madsen has another tome out this month, *The New Hollywood: Movies in the 70s*.

For your next cocktail party, here are the 1974 press runs (as opposed to actual sales) for some film-related paperbacks: *The Exorcist*, 11,800,000; *Papillon*, 2,600,000; *Odessa File*, 2,325,000; *Serpico*, 2,275,000; *The Great Gatsby*, 2,000,000; *Taking of Pelham One Two Three*, 1,550,000; *Fear of Flying*, 1,405,000; and *The Sting*, 1,000,000.

Brigitte Bardot has announced that she is writing her memoirs. "I will write them alone," she said, "not to settle any accounts, but to leave behind a true image of myself. ... I am aware of having contributed — some fifteen years ago — to the launching of a certain eroticism in films. But that eroticism was healthy, and had nothing to do with the pornography that is now displayed on the screen."

This May is the deadline for listings in the third edition of *The Filmmakers Directory*. $7 puts the filmmaker's name, address, phone number, bio, and the vital info on all his/her films in 1000 directories that are distributed free to libraries, clubs, etc. A free copy and more details from: Filmmakers Directory, P.O. Box 401, Abita Springs, Louisiana 70420.

Brigham Young University Press, this May, will be publishing a new book by Lulu Parker Betenson. *Butch Cassidy, My Brother* will feature an introduction by Robert Redford, and — yes — Ms. Betenson is indeed the younger sister of the famous outlaw.

Editing and distribution negotiations are now underway on the film **Abduction**, a feature based on the book *Black Abductor* which is said to have significantly prefigured many of the elements of the Patricia Hearst kidnapping (an heiress is kidnapped, becomes sexually obsessed with her captors, and finally converted to their revolutionary cause). Producer was Kent Carroll with direction by Joseph Zito.

July will see the release (by Dell) of Mae West's novelization of her 1928 play *Pleasure Man*.

The Film Reader is a new, book-length, annual devoted to the application of current theories in film scholarship. The first volume (now available) includes articles on the semiological codes operant in **Citizen Kane**, and a post-Sarris view of Hollywood cinema with over 100 bio-filmographies of current American directors (1967-1974) — several of whom are given fuller treatment in individual articles. Copies of *The Film Reader* are $2 apiece and may be had by writing The Speech Annex, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. 60201.

Delacorte Press has advanced a whopping $250,000 to *Los Angeles Times* movie columnist Joyce Haber for her first novel, scheduled for fall publication.

Dr. David W. Maurer, Professor Emeritus at the University of Louisville, has filed suit against Universal, Zanuck/Brown Co. and others involved in making **The Sting**, alleging that much of the film's material was lifted from a book, *The Big Con*, that Maurer wrote in 1940.

REVIEWS

The Filmgoer's Companion, by Leslie Halliwell. (Fourth Edition.) Hart-David, MacGibbon. £8.50 (In Canada: General Publishing: $30.45. In U.S.A.; Hill and Wang; $25.00)

Dear Leslie,

Delighted to see that the Fourth Edition of ***The Filmgoer's Companion*** is out. It certainly looks good, including thousands of new facts and names, and over five hundred photos and stills.

Like the earlier editions, the new one is crammed full of fascinating information tailored to the serious film student as well as the trivia buff. It is also, like its predecessors, filled with your inimitable personal views.

For instance:

Novak, Kim (1933-) (Marilyn Novak). Artificially-groomed American blonde star who never managed to give a natural performance, though she did try.

That's an easy target, Leslie.

But now, about this one:

Clark, Dane (1913-) (Bernard Zanville). Pint-sized American tough guy of the forties, a poor man's Garfield.

Now, look, not only was Garfield over-rated, but Clark has given a couple of really excellent performances in material much beneath him... damn it anyway! You know, there's an interesting story behind that. He was being groomed as a Bogart replacement by Warner Brothers, in case Bogie should act up, but...

I mean, Leslie, I like your book, really I do. It's witty, chatty, and informal. Since it is the product of one individual, rather than a collective effort, I've got to respect your extensive knowledge, apparently inexhaustible energy, and unmitigated gall. I certainly understand why you couldn't always give us in-depth profiles, but: "*Boorman, John* (1933-). British director from TV"? Leslie, I'm no Boorman fan, but surely there's more to say about this controversial director than that! I mean maybe just: "*Boorman, John* (1933-). *Controversial* British director, from TV."

To your credit, Leslie, I'd say you've amassed an almost unbelievable Who's Who of Motion Pictures. From the most minor "B" actor to the biggest of the "Super-stars", you've collected them all. And I really like your succulent one-line descriptions:

Mansfield, Jane (1936-67). (Vera Jane Palmer). Amply-proportioned American leading lady whose super-

That's saying a lot, but to film makers it automatically means... Bellevue Pathé. It just goes to show that good news really does travel fast in an industry where you have to produce — or else.

And that's a cue to quality, because that's the one imperative we demand of ourselves. We set higher standards for ourselves than even the most discriminating client. We have the technical skills in our people and we have the technical facilities in our equipment. Put them both together and the results make friends out of clients.

And that's a cue to quality, too, like: Paramount - 20th Century-Fox - Columbia - Warner Bros. - United Artists - MCA Universal - Cinepix - Potterton - Agincourt - Quadrant.

Our circle of friends and clients continues to grow.

A FEW OF OUR RECENT ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS ARE:

- THE APPRENTICESHIP OF DUDDY KRAVITZ
- CHILD UNDER LEAF
- DAY IN THE COUNTRY
- NEPTUNE FACTOR
- WEDDING IN WHITE
- LIES MY FATHER TOLD ME
- ALIEN THUNDER
- PAPER BACK HERO
- BETWEEN FRIENDS

CANADA'S LARGEST FILM LABORATORY AND SOUND FILM ORGANIZATION

BELLEVUE *Pathé*

TORONTO
9 Brockhouse Road
Toronto, Ont. M8W 2W8
Tel. (416) 259-7811

MONTREAL
2000 Northcliffe Ave
Montreal, Que. H4A 3K5
Tel. (514) 484-1186

A DIVISION OF ASTRAL BELLEVUE PATHE LTD./LTEE

structure became the butt of many jokes.
and:

Kramer, Stanley (1913-). American producer of clean-cut, well-intentioned films which sometimes fall short on inspiration.

And you do give some poor struggling and under-rated actors credit where credit is due...

Ryan, Robert (1909-1973). Strong-featured American leading actor who never seemed to get the roles he deserved.

Ireland, John (1914-). Canadian leading man in Hollywood; a popular tough-cynical hero of the early fifties, he declined with unaccountable rapidity to bit parts and second features.

(That one's got me too, Leslie. I never could figure out how Ireland went from the off-beat and strongly played second lead in **All the King's Men** to a bit part as one of the Clanton boys in **Gunfight at the O.K. Corral.**)

Your intentions are right, Leslie. It's just that sometimes you're pretty damn annoying.

For example, did you really have to label one of your mini essays "Bad Language"? I mean, in 1974? Do 'dirty words' really upset you that much?

And all those prudish little side comments about sex and nudity. Surely you can't be that up-tight?

Sex. This was once called 'romance': the beginnings of corruption set in with de Mille's silent comedies such as **Why Change Your Wife?** and Lubitsch's classics **Forbidden Paradise** and **The Marriage Circle.**

But you see, Leslie, movies are growing up, and believe it or not, sex, yes, even nudity, can be entertaining. I know this rubs you the wrong way old boy, but there is a certain amount of pleasure in viewing the human anatomy. Probably because it is *human.* As one film-lover to another, I think we've got to establish some kind of balance of opinion. When the moral "back-lash" starts coming in (as it begins to show some signs of doing) I don't want to see us driven back to Shirley Temple and **Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm** as our sole basis of art. The minute we start retreating that far from reality we're in serious trouble, witness the witless censorship of television and its bland and totally uninspired results!

Certainly you can argue that sex is essentially a private affair, and should be treated that way, but like it or not, the basis of film itself is the publication of the private in the truest sense of the word. The good film, any good film, takes us inside a private world and shows us its workings. The film audience is voyeuristic, Leslie, there is no way around that. We watch people live and we watch them die. How can we exclude the sex act as being too "private" for consideration when we examine in elaborate detail the act of dying, certainly the most "private" of all acts.

Anyway, as I said, Leslie, you've done a good job. It's a fascinating collection of information, and I'm going to recommend it to all my film-buff friends. I'm sure that they'll take your opinions with a grain of salt; as they say, "that's what makes a horse race", and all in all you've got a pretty strong entry going here.

Good luck on future editions.

With respect,
Ray Spangenburg

P.S. (By the Book Editor):

I'm sorry production difficulties held up release of the Fourth Edition for almost a year; except for some necessary necrological notes (usually up to mid-1973), film credits generally stop at 1972. And welcome as the illustrations are (often little-known and including a good number of evocative posters) the positioning is too often out a page or two.

Errors noted: Quincy Jones is not an actor; the entry on Bobby Van seems to be about someone else; the Shelley Winters entry is very incomplete (where's **South Sea Sinner?**); Bernard Herrmann is misspelled; **Hot Rods** (not **Roads**) **to Hell**; **The Man Who Loved Cat** (not **Cart**) **Dancing**; Alan Jay Lerner on p. 553 still; Arthur Benjamin died in 1960; William Shatner, John Vernon and Michael Sarrazin are all Canadian; Allan Jones dubbed Dennis Morgan in **The Great Ziegfeld**; Waldo Salt is not credited for **Midnight Cowboy**, nor Art Garfunkel with **Catch 22**; the Astaire still on p.39 is from the fifties, etc., etc.

Well, it's relatively easy to spot a few goofs, typos, etc.

The Filmgoer's Companion still retains its pre-eminence as the most comprehensive and reliable one volume film reference book in any language.

Glen W. Hunter

Sexual Alienation in the Cinema: The Dynamics of Sexual Freedom, by Raymond Durgnat. Studio Vista. 320 pp. £4.50 (In Canada: Collier-Macmillan; $16.25)

The title of this book infers some sort of comprehensive study or survey on the subject of sexual alienation in the cinema, but, in reality, the book is a collection of thoughts on a random selection of films — or, as Durgnat states in his preface, "a structured subjective vision of the prism through which erotic alienation is sensed, or betrayed."

The films discussed are grouped into thirteen sections — the chapter Man Without Tribe includes **Women in Love**, **Fellini-Satyricon** and **The Tenth Victim**; America: Bucks and Breaks includes **The Graduate**, **Reflections in a Golden Eye**, **Shock Corridor** and **The Naked Kiss**; Socialist Love includes **The Switchboard Operator** and **Martyrs of Love**, and so on. The best section is undoubtedly the one on avant-garde films, Private Worlds, for here Durgnat is inspired by being able to cover less familiar ground. And the interpretations of the Losey films, Eva and **The Servant**, in the chapter Swinging London: Canes and Guitars (the chapter headings are like skin flix' titles, delivering not all they promise), are particularly refreshing. The longer analyses, namely of **Fellini-Satyricon** and the Pasolini films **Teorema** and **Oedipus Rex**, belabour their material.

Unfortunately, Durgnat's prose is at times impenetrable, too often marred by statements like: "Indeed a constituent of Fellini's imagination, as of Renoir's, is of a relative absence of that repression of feminine identification which is the male rule in patriarchal societies, and even more in our impersonal society which, falling between two stools, easily achieves brittleness rather than fullness, a hypothetical violence quite without endurance and strength, a eunuchoid compromise rather than the bisexuality implicit in certain kinds of fatherly understanding of the feminine and motherly understanding of the masculine." The brisk narrative style displayed in his previous books, *A Mirror For England*, *The Crazy Mirror* and *Films and Feelings*, is generally abandoned in favour of a more penetrating, relaxed analytical approach. If, in the earlier books, his throw-away observations on films were often maddeningly curt, in ***Sexual Alienation in the Cinema*** his comments are often meandering.

Compounding this is the book's lack of any index, the only compensation being a listing, in the table of contents, of major films probed in each chapter. A general want of organization is prevalent. The still reproductions are mostly of poor quality. No cast members in the stills are identified; some are captioned by lengthy quotes from relevant writings of William Burroughs, Kate Millett, Euripides and Carson McCullers; others have little relation to the text.

The films under discussion (over 100) are haphazardly chosen — certainly they do not represent any systematic examination of sexual alienation in the cinema since 1961 (where Durgnat's *Films and Filming* articles, published in his book, *Eros in the Cinema*, left off). And there is no consideration given to hard core pornography — a revolutionary development in films since 1970.

Still, there are enough original ideas and stimulating insights in this volume, provided an index is added in future editions, to recommend ***Sexual Alienation in the Cinema*** for some invigorating reading.

Jaan Salk

Actor: The Life and Times of Paul Muni, by Jerome Lawrence. G.P. Putnam's Sons. 356 pp. $10.00 (In Canada: Longman; $12.95)

In response to the question: "Is there life after death?" a wag once said, "Of course! Every night on the Late, Late Show!" And, while it appears to be true that cinema provides a measure of immortality, we would have to admit that these celluloid monuments are partly illusionary. A greater glory belongs to the actor who walks out, night after night, to breathe life into that paradoxical thing called "the living theater." For him, the final curtain, unlike the closing shot, means obscurity or faded memories irretrievably lost in dying audiences. Unless, of course, he becomes the subject of a biography, such as ***Actor: The Life and Times of Paul Muni*** by Jerome Lawrence. Then, he lives again, with

Ray Spangenburg is a San Francisco journalist turned novelist. His columns have appeared in the Monterey Bay Current *and* San José Sun. *His novel-in-progress is called* December Machine.

THE PMA/TAKE ONE FILM BOOK SERIES

STARRING

A Handbook Of Canadian Film by Eleanor Beattie $2.95 paperbound
"A first-class guide to all aspects of Canadian cinema."
International Film Guide 1974

"An invaluable reference book for any and every type of film person."
Filmmakers' Newsletter

All The Bright Young Men And Women: A Personal History of the Czech Cinema, by Josef Skvorecky $4.95 paperbound, $12.00 casebound
"An outstandingly well written and almost unbearably moving account of Czech cinema." *International Film Guide 1974*

"A valuable, comprehensive and delightful book."
Esquire

Marshall Delaney At The Movies: The Contemporary World As Seen On Film, by Robert Fulford. $10.00 casebound.
Comprehensive reviews of Canadian, American and foreign films by *Saturday Night* magazine's movie critic Marshall Delaney/Robert Fulford.
"There is no better film critic in the country and in my opinion only one in the continent—Pauline Kael—who is better."
Canadian Forum

Order from your local book store or from . . .

Take One Magazine
Box 1778, Station B
Montreal, Canada

Please send me _____ A Handbook of Canadian Film
_____ All The Bright Young Men and Women (paper ___; cloth ___)
_____ Marshall Delaney At The Movies
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Province/State _____
Country _____ Zone _____
All individual orders to Take One Magazine must be accompanied by a cheque or money order.

a more enduring monument in a form of literary art. Particularly, when he is both a legendary figure of the stage and screen, as Paul Muni is; and when his biographer is both a dramatist and screen writer, as Jerome Lawrence is — the result is literary magic.

Actor is the portrait of a man and an era, fascinating and informative. It is rich with pathos, humor, wisdom, but more than anything else, good, solid writing. It takes Paul Muni from a point before his start in Yiddish theater to a point beyond his enviable career in the Hollywood that has become such a gold-mine for the nostalgia seeker.

Particularly interesting are the reflections on Muni's return to Broadway in 1955, at a time when Hollywood was in the doldrums, and he accepted the role of Henry Drummond (Clarence Darrow) in the Lawrence and Lee drama, *Inherit the Wind*. *Inherit the Wind* was almost theatrical Valhalla for a number of film greats: Tony Randall, Florence Eldridge, Melvin Douglas, Ed Begley, Spencer Tracy, but perhaps greatest of all — Paul Muni. If Jerome Lawrence, as co-author of *Inherit the Wind*, is repaying his actor-friend for an unforgettable contribution to the play, Lawrence is, at the same time, doing much more. He provides his readers, film fans and theater buffs alike, with a superb tribute which can only add to Paul Muni's deserved immortality. ***Actor*** is a biography that demands to be read.

David Curtis

Six European Directors, by Peter Harcourt. Penguin. 287 pp. $2.50 (In Britain: 60p.)

To this reviewer, trained in the sciences and only later coming to film, critics and criticism can prove extremely troublesome. There seems to be a current in criticism towards a quasi-objectivity — auteurists, pantheon builders and "ten-greatest-films-of-all-time" compilers being the worst offenders. Essentially subjective rankings are treated by these people with the same reverence accorded physical "laws" by their counterparts in the sciences.

A friend once asked me if I was disturbed by the lack of absolutes in art. The answer was, of course, "No!" Peter Harcourt has presented a rather elegant defense of this lack of absolutes in ***Six European Directors***. Chosen from the mainstream of European cinema they are: Eisenstein, Renoir, Bunuel, Bergman, Fellini and Godard.

Six essays are individual treatments of each director; a seventh ties all six together in a broad pattern and the eighth, which forms the introduction to the book, is a note on style and methodology in criticism. In this essay one discerns a very appealing philosophy of criticism and, to my mind, it is the most important part of the book.

Each directorial study is a personal response. There is no attempt on the author's part to create "the definitive study". It is precisely because of this stance that each of the essays should become a standard part of the critical bibliography of each director. Compare Robin Wood on Bergman to Peter Harcourt on Bergman. Wood speaks in terms of absolutes and ranks ("... one feels in the presence of a great artist") while Harcourt speaks in terms of responses. Ideally, the two approaches should compliment each other. Practically, in terms of sheer volume, response analysis is sorely neglected. Harcourt's essays go a long way towards filling the gap.

The introductory essay is another matter. This piece is, like the rest of the book, written in a pleasant, almost conversational style. But that is only the icing. The cake is Harcourt's defense of an interactive approach to criticism, and the advantage of the critic/teacher over the critic/journalist in his opportunity to examine his personal response and to oppose this response to those of students and colleagues. One is able, from this position, to talk intelligently and usefully about what appear to be the most significant aspects of any film or group of films. The groupings become matters of convenience only, not rigid boundary structures. This philosophy is what makes the essay, and the book, valuable to both the beginner and the serious student.

The author once said, during a lecture in an introductory film course, that the beginner's library on film should consist of one or two books by others and a half-dozen by Robin Wood. Modesty will probably forbid, but ***Six European Directors*** should be added to the list.

David Fritz

David Fritz studied film at Queen's University, at Kingston, under Peter Harcourt and also Raymond Durgnat.

BOOKS ON FILM: A CHECKLIST

This column lists new books, whether hardcover (H) or paperback (P), dealing in whole or in part with the motion picture and issued, for the most part, in the English language by North American publishers; also new editions of out-of-print titles, and novels the significance of which transcends their fictional format. Canadian agents and prices, where differing from U.S. publisher and price, are noted in brackets. Several titles have no Canadian distribution.

Adventure in the Movies. By Ian Cameron. Crescent/Crown 1974. 152 pp. $4.98 (H). (Bonanza $6.49)

All People Are Famous. By Harold Clurman. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich 1974. 327 pp. $8.95 (H). (Longman $11.50). Reminiscences, incl. work in films.

Blacks in American Films: A Selected Bibliography. By Anne Powers. Scarecrow Press 1974. 167 pp. $6.00 (H).

Chaplin. By Roger Manvell. Little, Brown 1974, 240 pp. $6.95 (H). ($7.95)

Cinema. By Kenneth W. Leish. Newsweek 1974. 192 pp. $10.00 (H). "World of Culture" series.

The Complete ***Wedding March*** *of Erich von Stroheim.* By Herman G. Weinberg, Little, Brown 1975. 340 pp. $19.95 (H). ($22.95)

Computer Animation. John Halas, ed. Hastings House 1974. 176 pp. $20.00 (H). (Copp, Clark $21.50)

The Count. By Arthur Lennig. Putnam 1974. 347 pp. $10.00 (H). (Longman $12.95). The life and films of Bela "Dracula" Lugosi.

The Critical Index. By John C. and Lana Gerlach. Teachers College Press 1974. 737 pp. $15.00 (H), $6.50 (P). (Guidance Centre). A bibliography of articles in English on film, 1946-73.

Marshall Delaney at the Movies. By Robert Fulford. Peter Martin Associates 1974. 250 pp. $10.00 (H). Reviews and comments by Delaney, alias Fulford.

Don't Look At the Camera. By Harry Watt. St. Martin's Press 1974. 198 pp. $6.95 (H). (Griffin House $12.25). The British documentarian's memoirs.

The Fear of the Word: Censorship and Sex. By Eli M. Oboler. Scarecrow Press 1974. 362 pp. $10.00 (H). Censorship's impact on the creative artist.

Film and the Narrative Tradition. By John L. Fell. U. of Oklahoma Press 1974. 284 pp. $9.95 (H). (Burns and MacEachern $11.50)

Film Fantasy Scrapbook. By Ray Harryhausen. Barnes 1974. Rev. Ed. 142 pp. $15.00 (H). (Smithers and Bonellie $20.00)

Films and the Second World War. By Roger Manvell. Barnes 1974. 388 pp. $12.00 (H). (Dent $14.95)

Focus on the Western. Jack Nachbar, ed. Prentice-Hall 1974. 150 pp. $6.95 (H), $2.95 (P). ($7.95, $3.25)

The Great British Picture Show. By George Perry. Hill & Wang 1974. 367 pp. $12.95 (H). A history of British film.

A Handbook of Costume. By Janet Arnold. Phillips 1974. 336 pp. $20.00 (H). (Macmillan $23.50)

Hollywood's Great Love Teams. By James Robert Parish. Arlington 1974. 828 pp. $14.95 (H). (Dent)

Hollywood U.K. By Alexander Walker. Stein and Day 1974. 493 pp. $15.00 (H). (Thomas Nelson $19.75 as *Hollywood, England*). British movies of the 60s.

Holly-would! By John Milton Hagen. Arlington 1974. 254 pp. $7.95 (H). (Dent). Compendium of capsulized comments.

Horror and Fantasy in the Movies. By Tom Hutchinson. Crescent/Crown 1974. 156 pp. $4.98 (H). (Collier-Macmillan $11.70)

Index to Critical Film Reviews. Stephen E. Bowles, ed. Burt Franklin 1975. Vol. I — 345 pp., Vol. II — 362 pp. $26.50 for set. American and British periodicals, 1930-72.

International Film Guide 1975. Peter Cowie, ed. Barnes 1974. 640 pp. $3.95 (P). (Smithers and Bonellie $4.95)

International Index to Film Periodicals 1973. Michael Moulds, ed. Bowker 1974. 395 pp. $28.50 (H).

George S. Kaufman And His Friends. By Scott Meredith. Doubleday 1974. 723 pp. $12.95 (H). ($14.50). Biography of the stage and screen writer.

Harold Lloyd: The Shape of Laughter. By Richard Schickel. N.Y. Graphic Society 1974. 218 pp. $14.50 (H). (McClelland and Stewart, price not yet set)

Lookout Cartridge. By Joseph McElroy. Knopf 1975. 531 pp. $10.00 (H) (Random House $11.50). An unusual novel about avant-garde filmmaking.

Helen Morgan. By Gilbert Maxwell. Hawthorn 1974. 192 pp. $8.95 (H). (Prentice-Hall $9.95). The life of the singer who starred in Mamoulian's **Applause.**

Motion Picture Distribution. By Walter E. Hurst and William Storm Hale. Seven Arts Press 1975. 158 pp. $10.00 (H), $5.00 (P).

INTERNATIONAL INDEX TO FILM PERIODICALS 1975

NOW IN ITS FOURTH YEAR! DOES YOUR LIBRARY HAVE IT?

The essential reference tool for every library, school, university and study center involved with cinema, providing information on the contents of 80 internationally-recognized film periodicals from 24 countries, in English.

A fast card service provides continuously up-to-date information. From 9,000 to 10,000 cards annually are sent in several dispatches weekly, covering film reviews, articles, interviews, filmographies, scripts, festival reports, etc., indexed by subject, film title and personality, liberally cross-referenced and annotated in English. You may choose SERIES A, indexing all 80 periodicals, or SERIES B, indexing only the 35 English-language periodicals. The cards are the convenient standard 3 x 5 library size and arrive ready for immediate interfiling and use. Non-European subscribers may receive the dispatches by airmail by paying the extra postal costs. A limited number of back sets for 1972, 1973 and 1974 are available at a reduced price.

Available in annual printed volumes for 1972 and 1973, published by R. R. Bowker, Order Dept., P.O. Box 1807, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106, $18 each.

For more information, including the full list of periodicals indexed, write INTERNATIONAL INDEX TO FILM PERIODICALS, 90-94 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W1V 7DH.

A project of Federation Internationale des Archives du Film (FIAF).

FIAF Secretariat, 74 Galerie Ravenstein, 1000 Bruxelles, Belgium

Please enter my subscription to the
INTERNATIONAL INDEX TO FILM PERIODICALS 1975:

SERIES A (indexing 80 international film periodicals) $375 ☐
SERIES B (indexing 35 English-language periodicals) $190 ☐
please check one

Send cards to_____

Send invoice to_____

Send cards by airmail and bill me for extra costs ☐
Send information about availability of back sets: ☐
Send annual volume for 1972 ☐ 1973 ☐ 1974 when ready ☐ $18. each

Movies. By Manny Farber. Stonehill 1974. 288 pp. $3.95 (P). (Gage). Film criticism originally published as *Negative Space.*

The Pornography Controversy. Ray C. Rist, ed. Transaction (Rutgers U.) 1975. 279 pp. $9.95 (H), $3.95 (P). (Griffin House, price not yet set). Symposium on moral standards of pornography, incl. film.

Jean Renoir. By Raymond Durgnat. U. of California Press 1975. 447 pp. $16.50 (H).

Rex. By Rex Harrison. Morrow 1974. 256 pp. $7.95 (H). (McLeod $9.25). The actor's autobiography.

Star Quality. By Arthur F. McClure and Ken D. Jones. Barnes 1974. 285 pp. $15.00 (H). (Smithers and Bonellie $20.00). Illustrated bios of featured Hollywood performers.

The Strange Case of Alfred Hitchcock. By Raymond Durgnat. M.I.T. 1974. 419 pp. $15.00 (H). (Oxford $21.50)

Thirty From the 30's. By Tom Tierney. Prentice-Hall 1974. Unp. (122 pp.) $4.95 (P). ($5.50). Cutout costumes of stars.

TV: The Most Popular Art. By Horace Newcomb. Doubleday 1974. 272 pp. $2.50 (P). ($2.75). Films among other program sources.

The Twenties. By Alan Jenkins. Universe 1974. 256 pp. $15.95 (H). (Collins $18.50). That period's movies among other happenings.

The Western Films of John Ford. By J.A. Place. Citadel 1974. 247 pp. $12.00 (H). (McLeod $13.75)

Whatever Became Of...? (5th Series). By Richard Lamparski. Crown 1975. 207 pp. $6.95 (H). (General $7.95). Film personalities of yesterday.

Women In Focus. By Jeanne Bétancourt. Pflaum/Standard 1974. 186 pp. $14.00 (H), $10.00 (P). (Maclean-Hunter Learning Materials, price not yet set). Female filmmakers and their films.

George L. George
and Glen Hunter

George L. George, for many years a film director with an Academy Award for one of his documentaries, is book reviewer for several filmmagazines. Glen Hunter is Take One's Book Editor.

Learning about the movies

In probably no discipline other than film is there such a wide variety of manners of acquiring some formal knowledge or experience. There are institutes, seminars, workshops, apprenticeship programs, and on and on. Herewith some of the latest we have heard of:

The University Film Study Center will hold a **Summer Institute on Film, Video and Photography** at Hampshire College (Amherst, Mass.) June 15 through July 4. Among members of the faculty: Richard Leacock, Ed Emshwiller, Jonas Mekas and Standish Lawder. Write the Study Center for a course catalog and further information: Box 275, Cambridge, Mass. 02138 (617-253-7612).

The **Gray Film Atelier** (Wilson Hill Rd., Hoosick Falls, N.Y. 12090; 518-686-5985) is an independent studio with an apprenticeship program that offers a small group of filmmakers the chance to share the responsibility of running a studio that is modeled as a miniature MGM or 20th Century-Fox. Apprentices participate in developing each film from story conference through final editing and distribution, and also direct their own short works.

The **Centre d'Études Universitaires du Cinéma** provides a program of film courses and seminars using such unique resources as the Cinémathèque Française. It is open to advanced undergraduate and graduate students proficient in French and versed in film. Dates are September 1975 through June 1976 and the school is open to Canadians as well as U.S. residents. Contact the Council on International Educational Exchange, 777 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017 (212-661-0310).

Eight students are to be selected from among applicants (deadline is April 25) to attend the fifth National Entertainment Conference/Warner Bros. **Film Production Workshop** (July 20 through August 15 at Humboldt State University in Arcata, Calif.). Transportation is the responsibility of the participants, but all food, lodging, materials and instruction will be paid for by Warners. Applications and enquiries (from students at any NEC-affiliated school) should be addressed to: NEC, P.O. Box 11489, Columbia, S.C. 29211 (803-799-0768).

You'll never have to go without ANIMAL CRACKERS again

Until this summer, the hilarious Marx Brothers classic, *Animal Crackers*, had not been shown publicly in more than 30 years. HOORAY FOR CAPTAIN SPAULDING contains 800 frame blow-ups and the complete George S. Kaufman-Morrie Ryskind dialogue from this great movie's funniest scenes. This means that you can nibble on *Animal Crackers* anytime you have the yen.

Hooray!

HOORAY FOR CAPTAIN SPAULDING
by RICHARD J. ANOBILE

co-author of *The Marx Bros. Scrapbook* and editor of *Why a Duck?, Who's on First?,* and *A Flask of Fields*

A Darien House Book. $8.50, now at your bookstore, or send check or money order to CROWN PUBLISHERS, 419 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10016

Crown

NEXT ISSUE:

Yasujiro Ozu: An Appreciation — An approving examination of the unique qualities that make his films irresistible, despite their (let's face it) tedium. By **Larry Smith**

Donald E. Westlake: A kind of "interview" — In which the author of 80 books, some of them made — with varying degrees of success — into films **(Point Blank, The Outfit, Made in USA, The Split, The Busy Body, The Hot Rock, Cops and Robbers,** and **Bank Shot)**, zaps the auteur theory, as well as most of the filmmakers he has worked with. Interviewed by **Albert Nussbaum**, former bank robber and now a regular contributor to these pages.

Plus a special 8-page supplement: **Film: A Comprehensive Guide to Reference Materials.** An up-to-date, critical guide to the indexes, encyclopaediae, check-lists and periodicals of the film world. A booklet that no serious film scholar or film fan should be without. By **James Monaco**

As well as (who can tell?) perhaps another article or two, and — of course — film and book reviews, The Bookers' Guide, columns, news, festivals and competitions, feedback, and our exciting classifieds.

SCIENCE FICTION/ZARDOZ

Predictions of the future, or picturizations of our nightmares, the creatures and machines that inhabit science fiction movies are the most vivid images of film.

ZARDOZ

Zardoz, starring Sean Connery, is one of the most controversial new films of this genre.

"No film since *Space Odyssey* has used such a blazing display of photographic ingenuity to suggest a time beyond tomorrow."
Charles Champlin,
Los Angeles Times

OTHER GREAT SC-FI FLICKS

Westworld d. Michael Crichton. Yul Brynner, Richard Benjamin, James Brolin

Planet of the Apes d. Franklin Schaffner. Charlton Heston, Roddy McDowall, Kim Hunter, Maurice Evans

Soylent Green d. Richard Fleischer. Charlton Heston, Edward G. Robinson, Joseph Cotten, Chuck Connors

2001: A Space Odyssey d. Stanley Kubrick. Keir Dullea, Gary Lockwood, William Sylvester

FILMS INCORPORATED
Contact your local Exchange.

Atlanta, Georgia 30341
5589 New Peachtree Road
404/451-7445

Los Angeles, California 90028
5625 Hollywood Boulevard
213/466-5481

Skokie (Chicago area)
Illinois 60076
4420 Oakton Street
312/676-1088

New York, New York 10016
440 Park Avenue South
212/889-7910

Distributing in the United States exclusively.

NOW AVAILABLE IN 35mm AND 16mm

11 FILMS BY YASUJIRO OZU

I WAS BORN, BUT...
1932 B/W SILENT 89 MIN.

A STORY OF FLOATING WEEDS
1934 B/W SILENT 89 MIN.

THE RECORD OF A TENEMENT GENTLEMAN
1947 B/W 72 MIN.

LATE SPRING
1949 B/W 108 MIN.

THE FLAVOR OF GREEN TEA OVER RICE
1952 B/W 115 MIN.

TOKYO STORY
1953 B/W 134 MIN.

EQUINOX FLOWER
1958 COLOR 118 MIN.

LATE AUTUMN
1960 COLOR 127 MIN.

THE END OF SUMMER
1961 COLOR 103 MIN.

AUTUMN AFTERNOON
1962 COLOR 112 MIN.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE ON
11 FILMS BY YASUJIRO OZU,
WITH TEXTS DRAWN FROM DONALD RICHIE'S BOOK, *OZU,* TO:

NEWYORKER FILMS, 43 W. 61ST STREET,
NEWYORK CITY, N.Y. 10023
212 CI 7-6110